Edgar Young Mullins

ISLA MAY MULLINS

Central BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
presented by

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

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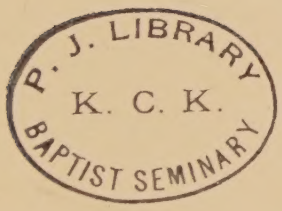

EDGAR YOUNG MULLINS

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EDGAR YOUNG MULLINS

An Intimate Biography

By Isla May Mullins

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD
OF THE
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

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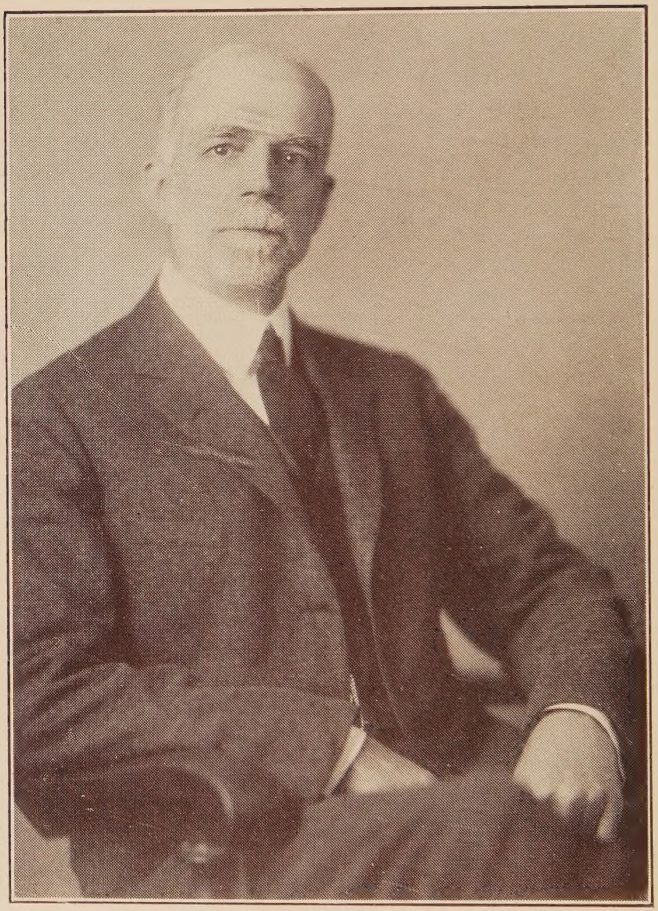

DR. AND MRS. EDGA

TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS ELECTION T

YOUNG MULLINS

PRESIDENCY OF BAPTIST WORLD ALLIANCE 1923

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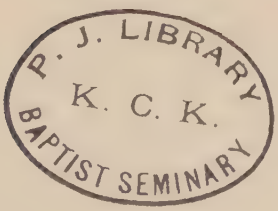
A STATEMENT

This story of a life of unusual service and achievement is told with an intimately revealing hand. It was begun involuntarily, in an effort to set down facts which should be used by another at some future time; it took narrative form without the writer's volition, and publication was not for a moment considered. The story wrote itself under fingers that were accustomed to the typewriter. As the picture of a dual life, which held for forty-two years, unfolded in vivid remembrance, it was reproduced in a rapid word record.

Some friends who have read it feel that it should be shared with those who loved Edgar Young Mullins, or who might be interested and benefited by a review of the events, motives, struggles and victories of so inspiring a life.

It is written with the frankness and freedom of fiction, but follows truth and truth only in every word.

I. M. M.



A SUMMARY OF EDGAR YOUNG MULLINS' EARLY CAREER

A useful, successful life that attained world-wide influence should have at least a brief study of its sources and early experience. Going back to the beginning in such a study of the life of Dr. E. Y. Mullins, president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary from 1899 to 1928, president of the Southern Baptist Convention from 1921 to 1924, and president of the Baptist World Alliance from 1923 to 1928, is found a Baptist preacher father, Rev. Seth Granberry Mullins, looking into the small face of his first-born son on January 5, 1860. There had been three daughters, but here was the longed-for son! The father immediately knelt beside the mother and together they prayed that God would make this son a preacher of the Word.

They left the prayer with God, enshrined only in their hearts, a thing never to be spoken of until it was revealed in a letter from father to son on the thirty-fifth birthday of that son, who had then been a preacher of the Word some ten years or more.

This first-born son of a preacher made his advent in Franklin County, Mississippi, in the country home of the father, who was a successful planter in addition to his preaching. The paternal grandfather was also a preacher-planter, as were many others of these early generations in the Southern ministry. On the maternal side the combination had been agricultural and political interest, another frequent combination of the times. Stephen Tillman, father of Cornelia Blair Tillman, the mother of Edgar Young Mullins, was for many years an influential member of the

Mississippi Legislature, and it is interesting to note that a paternal great-grandfather was for some twenty years a member from the same district. Ancestral sources of the combined families were English, Irish and French.

After the Civil War the southern gulf states were devastated, political conditions were most unsatisfactory and there was much unrest among the men who remained after the long carnage. The great, undeveloped state of Texas called many to new opportunities there from Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana. When Edgar Young was a boy eight years old, his father, Rev. S. G. Mullins, full of missionary zeal, strong in body and with pioneer instinct stirring, decided to take his growing family to Texas. After casting about for some time he finally located at Corsicana, Texas, bought property there, and proceeded to establish a school which he himself taught, and a church of which the present large and thriving First Baptist Church of Corsicana is the fruition. It is needless to say that here he was builder, preacher and inspiring leader for many years.

The boy Edgar could not have been more fortunate in his teacher for both secular and spiritual training, for the father was accurate in scholarship, a graduate and Master of Arts of Mississippi College, and a firm, sturdy disciplinarian. Thorough educational foundations were thus laid under the father's tutelage.

There came during this period some days of adventure reading for the boy, when the yellow-back novel was often in his hand. The father, quietly observing, led the boy to a row of substantial books in his library.

"If you will read them, they are yours," he said. They were Spark's American Biographies, and they were, ere long, in the boy's possession, marking an important turning point in his intellectual growth.

Education was the father's greatest desire for his children. There were eleven children born to the minister and wife. Two died in infancy; there were nine to educate. The older girls were ready for college. They must go, so the young Edgar was put to work that he might help to earn money for the school expenses of his older sisters. For the next few years he was variously printer's devil, newsboy, typesetter, and printer; then messenger boy and telegrapher, picking up telegraphy between his trips as messenger, and with unbounded energy and spirit running successfully side lines such as selling fans and newspapers! At fifteen he was in full charge of a telegraph office with a man's pay.

In the midst of all these things, however, he found time for hunting, fishing, trapping, swimming, all the sports that make life a delight to the growing boy.

Upon graduation of the older girls at Baylor, Edgar Young's turn for higher education came, and he went to the State Agricultural and Mechanical College. Here a fine general collegiate course was obtainable, together with a strict military training which was of inestimable value to the slender, growing youth, whose energies had carried him onward regardless of the physical. Adventurous the boy had always been; not for the sake of adventure, but for the goal at stake, his eager spirit leading him past many dangers which threatened his young life. A daring swimmer at six, he went down three times before rescue came; and a list of his narrow escapes would include rescue from a furious pack of butcher's dogs, a serious boyish fray when he ran between two fighting comrades and received severe cuts; a railroad accident when an entire train of cars passed over him as he lay upon the cross-ties, and a final shooting experience where a fellow huntsman shot him in the face.

Experiences in work and danger, such as have been briefly related, give a boy the sinews of physical and moral courage that

win upon the arena of life just as they do for the soldier upon the battlefield. Freedom of the spirit from the trammels of physical fear fit him to walk boldly along the way of life and duty.

So these contacts with work and danger, demanding clear thought and ready action, played their part in the making of this slender boy into a courageous, indomitable spirit, influencing his time and generation with a fearless breadth of vision and a conquering spiritual strength. To this may be added the family inheritance from both father and mother, with its quiet ideals of refinement and culture, which through pioneer training became also a sturdy spiritual force in the boy, not losing a whit of its intellectual prerogative in the process.

In spite of the consecrating prayer of father and mother at the hour of birth for the first-born son, the Christian impulse did not come for him until the college course was ended, several successful years as expert telegrapher had passed, and at last, with his work commanding so good a return that only a few hours need be given to it each day, a law course was in substantial progress. Then came suddenly, during a meeting of Major Penn in Dallas, Texas, his conversion, followed by baptism from his father on November 7, 1880, at Corsicana, Texas. This was again followed a few months later by a definite call to the ministry, which necessitated reluctant abandonment of ambitious plans for the law, and the instant taking up the matter of his preparation for the task of a preacher. These events culminated in his coming in 1881 to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, around which most of his future life-activities were to cluster.

I. M. M.

CHAPTER I

BEGINNINGS

It was in the fall of 1881 that Edgar Young Mullins entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary as a student. There was for him no conception of school work except that it should be of the highest grade obtainable. He was at once methodical, persistent, unfailing. When he reached the seminary, though only twenty-one, he had been long self-supporting, and he came with money in hand which he had made and saved, for a year's theological study. This he thought would be training sufficient, because he had had a complete college course and had studied law for several months, besides putting in years of experience as telegrapher, which gave him a practical knowledge of life and matured his outlook. At the end of a few months in school, however, he knew that nothing short of the entire seminary course was going to satisfy him. The money—he would find a way to earn that in vacation. He could get a position with the Western Union almost at a moment's notice, for the heads of that great organization knew of him and his work as Associated Press dispatcher. So there was no concern as to his ability to make his way. But there came to him a most unexpected thing. The students of the seminary at that time were housed in an attractive hotel known as the Waverly, which they had renamed "Waverly Hall." A manager of the hall was required and each year two students were nominated and voted upon for the place. This made exceedingly lively times, almost equal to a federal election. The event came at the close of each session, and at the end of E. Y. Mullins' first year

he was amazed to find himself one of the candidates; and, when the election was over, the majority choice of the student body.

He did some telegraphic work that first summer to meet current expenses, but was on hand before the opening of school to get a thorough knowledge of his new duties. It was his first experience as an administrator, but with quick visioning and careful grasping of details, by the time school opened his work was organized in an orderly, efficient, economical way. Then it required only a short time in actual experience for him to see that this new task was going to require much time and thought, so he planned his studies to cover four years instead of three, in order that neither his school nor administrative work should be neglected. His position as head of the hall meant presiding at table and the handling with skill and fairness of all matters requiring student adjudication. He was ambitious that nothing should go to the faculty during his term of service that could possibly be avoided. Economy of management soon demanded frequent week-end trips to the country for purchase of meat and fowls by wholesale from farmers, and at the same time he found opportunity for preaching in country towns.

On the whole, so well did the young man manage affairs at Waverly Hall that there were no more elections while he remained at the seminary. There were no opposing candidates and he was head of the hall during the last three of his school years. As the end of the last session drew near the senior class met for the selection of speakers for graduation, which was done at that time by popular vote. E. Y. Mullins was at once put in the chair and his name the first proposed for speaker, which resulted immediately in his being the first selection. The other members of the class of 1885 selected to speak were: J. T. Dickinson of Virginia, E. M. Poteat of North Carolina, Carter Helm Jones of Virginia

and D. M. Herring of North Carolina. Edgar Young Mullins' subject was, "Manliness in the Ministry."

It was just at the beginning of E. Y. Mullins' third year in the seminary that a seemingly slight, but really fateful thing happened to him. He met Isla May Hawley, whose family of father, mother and much older brother, had recently moved to Louisville from Selma, Alabama. It was at a student reception at Walnut Street Baptist Church that they met, and since they were each on the introduction committee, she from the girls of the church and he from the students, they saw a good deal of each other during that first evening.

Edgar Young Mullins was at this time in his twenty-third year, a slender, graceful figure of six feet, two inches, very erect, head always lifted and shoulders thrown back in trained military ease, for he had been captain of a company in the state military college where he also received his general educational course. He had an abundant shock of very dark hair, and in accordance with the style of the period, a beard of soft fineness which was then attractive and added much to his look of maturity. His eyes were the most interesting feature, as they continued to be throughout his life. Unusually soft and luminous, they were changeable as a chameleon, or one of the vari-colored stars. They were brown, perhaps, especially when serious or preoccupied; they were keen and penetrating under discussion, they were iridescent under mental visioning and impassioned speaking, they twinkled under an ever-ready sense of humor, and they scintillated under swift storms of merriment. Altogether there was a magnetic quality in his personality that had made him liked by his fellow students, and that was a winning thing for him in social and friendly freedom.

The girl whom he met was also slender, with dark hair and rather vivid coloring, her chief charm being, perhaps, that she was

a good listener with a certain responsive merriment that made friendships easy. As the two talked with one another on that first evening they found much to enjoy together, and he learned that Dr. Basil Manly's family in Alabama had been old friends of the Hawley family, and since the arrival of the lattter in the city, warm friendship with the Louisville Manlys had been established. Dr. Manly was one of the great founders of the seminary and an honored professor in the school. This proved a link for the young people, and from that first meeting they were familiar friends. But the girl knew that the school and administrative duties were most important to the young man. The time he could give to social affairs was limited and he was in no sense a "ladies' man," in the phrase of the day. However, like most young people, they did not fail to have some good times together. There were no telephones in those days, but notes made their way from Waverly Hall out to the eastern section of the city by means of a very active telephone substitute, the small darkey, who at that time was always available for the purpose. So, by this means engagements were made to go to church together on Sunday evenings sometimes when he was not out of town, or perhaps they went to a lecture or concert or a social gathering somewhere and always they found a pleasant meeting place at Dr. Basil Manly's.

They enjoyed together hearing lectures from Henry Ward Beecher and Talmadge, analyzing the source of their oratorical power with the quick assurance of youth. They also listened to the inimitable Mark Twain with his mirth-provoking charm. The thing that caught them with most hilarity was the whistling story in which were portrayed the efforts of a stammerer, who was trying to cure himself by whistling when caught in a terrible lingual tangle. The entire house was convulsed—almost beseeching the

speaker not to give another whistle lest they collapse! And things that they shared soon became things of rare enjoyment.

As summer came on the Louisville Exposition opened with great éclat. Visitors came from all over the South to view the latest output in machinery, in invention, in agriculture and manufacturing, in art and music. Here the two young folks went often and spent long afternoons and evenings with much to claim their interest. The girl was studying art and also teaching a small class to draw and paint, so the Art Gallery, a strong fire-proof building in which were housed for the time some of the finest pieces of artistic work in the United States, was a favorite spot. There were beautiful things to linger over together and to study carefully; in fact, it was for them a whole course in art study. It so happened that Isla May had the good fortune to know an art connoisseur who was in town for a day and who gave her valuable information as to the pictures and various art methods, which she later passed on to her student-friend. Then there were band concerts every afternoon and evening. Sousa came from New York for the season with a hundred trained musicians, and the music was entrancing. The two came to know intimately the great composers, Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and all the rest. They even knew which nocturne, which symphony, etc., they liked the best, and so they had together a wonderful course in music—which was to affect all their later lives in intelligent enjoyment of one of the greatest arts which lift man upward and beyond himself.

But the most outstanding personal experience for the girl was a stroll through the machine exhibits with her student-friend and a pause for rest at the beautiful electrical display room. Here were the many colored globes and prisms and chandelier fittings. The room was like a small jeweled palace. There was a place

to sit down together, so they did, and after taking in the marvelous beauty about them, the talk drifted along until it came to the life and work of the missionary, with Brazil as a background! By what route it traveled could not now be fathomed, but from the student-preacher came vivid word-pictures of usefulness and high possibilities that held the young girl spellbound. She had known of missionaries in a vague sort of way—at college there had been a missionary society called the Ann Hasseltine Society, but who Ann was she hadn't the least idea now. But here, here was a compelling voice fascinatingly presenting an adventurous, holy, inspiring life activity that had the glint of heaven upon it! Time flew by as they sat there, the one talking, picturing, the other listening with a rapt intentness. The lights suddenly were about to go out and quickly they left, the girl with a little sigh of relief from the strain of this new outreach of soul-consciousness.

When the two were together during the session following he often talked to her of his work, of interesting things on his purchasing trips, and of his courses of study and the literary club of which he was an enthusiastic member. She began to read the things they were studying in the club, and also took a lively interest in the result of examinations. According to the policy of the school, there was great secrecy as to the grades made by any student, but each one knew whether he had passed or not in examinations. So she rejoiced with him in the final year when he had passed in every study, stood with the best in the class and won the title of "full graduate of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary," the highest degree the school had then to bestow, there being no "honors" of any sort given. She also rejoiced that he was the first selected as speaker for commencement!

One day just before the close of school Dr. Broadus called Edgar Young Mullins into his office and talked over with him his prospects and intentions. The young man revealed then his long cherished hope for foreign mission work in Brazil. This Dr. Broadus approved, but he said, "Wherever you are, I think your work will be educational." This interest was greatly treasured, and his friend, Isla May, heard about it.

He had continued to talk much to her of Foreign Missions, and his enthusiasm had wakened response in her. She had realized fully that his great passion—the ruling motive of his study, longing and expectation was to be a missionary in Brazil.

When the great Commencement evening of 1885 came, the exercises were held in Broadway Baptist Church, and the two young people went together. The girl was seated in the main body of the auditorium, whence she watched the procession of faculty and graduates walk with stately tread down the long church aisle. Her heart beat fast when his turn came, and he mounted the pulpit platform steps with the same easy grace which was always characteristic of him, and she was proud, very proud, that he did it all so well. Happy, indeed, were the two as they walked home together in the moonlight. It was a most satisfactory moment for him, as it concluded a period of nine years of almost continuous work and study combined, with no home life, since his program had always meant enforced absence from home. Perhaps, now, there might be a home some day!

Just before the close of school he had been asked to supply for several months the church at Harrodsburg, and his ordination came not a great while after graduation. The following extracts are taken from the account given in the *Western Recorder:*

"Saturday, the 6th inst., was a royal day for the old historic church at Harrodsburg. In response to a call from that church,

a presbytery consisting of the following elders, viz., T. T. Eaton, A. C. Caperton, T. M. Vaughan, R. L. Purdom, Benjamin Urton, David Bruner, J. S. Kirtley, J. C. Porter, and W. P. Harvey, met with that church to consider the propriety of setting apart Bro. E. Y. Mullins to the fuller work of the ministry, he having accepted a call to the pastorate of that church. A large congregation was assembled to greet the new pastor and to witness his formal induction into the ministry. Rev. T. M. Vaughan was called to preside and to conduct the examination. After prayer and praise, Rev. Ben Urton leading, the candidate related his Christian experience and call to the ministry, and was examined by the presbytery as to his views of Bible doctrine; all of which being entirely satisfactory to the presbytery, it was voted to proceed with the ordination. The following order was observed: sermon by T. T. Eaton, ordination prayer by R. L. Purdom, charge to the candidate by A. C. Caperton, presentation of the Bible by J. S. Kirtley, hand of fellowship by the presbytery and congregation, benediction by the candidate.

"The old church in Harrodsburg, which may be said to be a foster-mother of preachers, had decked herself in beautiful attire for the reception of her young pastor, having spent about $1,500 in improving and adorning the interior of the house. They have now one of the most beautiful and pleasant audience rooms in the state. Both pastor and people are in good trim and in high hopes for the future."

CHAPTER II

TWO THAT WERE ONE

Before the end of his temporary engagement with the Harrodsburg church young Mullins had been asked to become the pastor of the church. Having presented himself to the Foreign Mission Board as a missionary to Brazil and received no response, he learned from other sources that there seemed no prospect of getting to the foreign field for some time, so he accepted the charge. It was not long after this that Dr. Thomas Price, one of the finest physicians a small town ever found, was talking with the young preacher, scanning him keenly. "Young man," he said, "you have no business thinking of going to a warm climate for your life work. You are not physically made for it. Common sense should govern in all these things, according to my opinion," he went on, "and I say to you earnestly that God does not want you there. He has called you to sacrifice, and you have made it, but there is a ram in the bushes ready to take your place. He has other things for you."

How prophetic those words were! The missionary vision which had been his never left him and was meant to light up and radiate all his future career. Though he longed for the actual work till the end of his life, it would seem not intended that he should go, only to hold a torch and broaden the path for others.

This conviction of Dr. Price was a most compelling influence with the young man; while, coupled with this, was the financial status of the Foreign Board, which prevented the sending out of new missionaries, and the fact that Brazil was not a popular field

with the Board at the time. After a struggle with his God, Edgar Y. Mullins came to that high plane of rest where a man leaves the ordering of his life to the Master. It was an attitude of mind and heart that remained with him from that day.

As for the relationship with the girl of his choice during the seminary years, he had come to feel it a thing God-given, and there was definite life-planning between the two. But first there must be a period of probation, both were convinced. Having graduated, he must needs have a year of quiet grasping of his work and building up of finances, while she determined to spend the year mostly in travel, at the quiet insistence of her parents. Very soon she was gone, and during the months of separation which followed, letters went back and forth constantly from the young pastor to the girl-traveler, and he shared her many interesting experiences, for she loved writing. It was December before she returned home, and not a great while following this, Dr. Broadus said at his family dinner table, "I saw E. Y. Mullins on the street today. I have hardly noticed him here since he graduated." Then a twinkle came in his keen, kindly eyes: "Did I not see in the paper a day or two ago that Miss Isla May Hawley had returned from the East?"

A little laugh went around the table—and all this eventually reached the ears of the young traveler and warmed her with its friendliness from so famous and learned a man, filling so high a position as professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

At the very first meeting of the young couple, after her return, which came quite promptly, momentous things were decided. They must at once prepare for marriage, for everything was now propitious. The young man planned to talk next day with Isla May's father and after that things must go forward—which they did. The girl's parents had not favored the foreign mission idea,

feeling that their daughter was unfitted for it. She was not of vigorous build; she had attended Judson College, Marion, Alabama, from eight years old through her senior year, and since then had given her time to art and music. She had not been trained for hardships, and the life of a missionary meant hardship. But with the young ministerial suitor comfortably located now in a good pastorate, the father simply said he felt the young people must decide things for themselves and he and her mother were ready to cooperate. The family, however, father, mother and brother,—the latter almost a second father,—did put in a plea that first they be given a reasonable time with the girl of the home, who had been away so long.

During the late winter and early spring months that followed, the Harrodsburg pastor found frequent occasion for visits to Louisville. On one of them he had been suddenly summoned by his bride-to-be. Dr. Edward Judson was holding a meeting at Broadway Baptist Church and was doing some of the most wonderful preaching the girl had ever heard. He must come and see how it was done!

Such a summons was not to be disregarded and the young pastor, after receiving it, took the first train to Louisville. He reached there after the service had begun, and the house was packed so that he stood through the evening in a side aisle. It was not a great while till two pairs of eyes had found each other, and when the service was over, Isla May lingered exasperatingly as her father and mother tried to make their way out with promptness. Without a word she timed her steps to the two strong feet in the aisle, which had to make their way more slowly. In the end, when the two converged in the vestibule, Dr. Broadus' and Miss Eliza's twinkling eyes were upon them. How wonderfully human Dr. Broadus was, and how he loved his students! That

was made manifest to this young couple on many succeeding occasions.

The two young people went each night during that week to hear Dr. Edward Judson, son of the great missionary, preach, and together they discussed his sermons from every angle. Such marvelous power of illustration, they agreed. Not the familiar sermon-story which took attention entirely away from the sermon theme and enlivened the listener's flagging spirit with its own clever interest; but just an instant's illumination they were, making the points of the discourse stand out in quick review. How homey some of them were,—everyday things used for that sudden flash of truth-revealing light, and how skilfully they were given! No loitering, no hesitation, no complacent presenting of some favorite experience, but a spark struck from the anvil that illuminated thought. And the thought? Yes, *thought* in plenty was there, given in terse but cultured style, arranged in orderly, powerful, on-moving fashion which presented messages that listeners carried away with them. It was a most fruitful opportunity for the two students of preaching—and two they were, indeed, for Isla May had made a business of delving into the art of sermonizing during her stay in the East. She had listened to Dr. Stuart McArthur in New York at the Calvary Baptist Church and noted many interesting things which she had passed on by letter. Then there had been good opportunities in New England. Her father's brother was a preacher of no mean ability and she had studied his methods at first hand, so to speak.

One evening as the two walked home together after hearing Dr. Judson, she turned suddenly to Edgar Young and said, "Do you know I have never heard you preach!"

"Oh, yes, you have," he returned, "down at my California mission,—don't you know, where you and your father and a girl friend from Alabama came once."

Then she laughed derisively: "That wasn't any sermon; you just stood before a handful of people and talked. Why, you had your foot upon a bench when we walked in!"

And they laughed together as they recalled how the visitors had caught him in sermonizing dishabille, so to speak, and how quickly he had straightened up and put his foot down. But, sobering, he told her it was really a sermon he was preaching, and as well as he could do!

She refused to believe it, however, and the fact that she had not really heard him preach, which she still insisted was true, did not mar for her in the least the happiness of the coming wedding.

Finally June 2, 1886, was the day set, and high noon the hour. It was a simple home wedding with an improvised altar of ferns and plants. A flower girl, Maggie McCaleb, from Isla May's class of small art students, and a young relative of the groom, John Caperton, small son of Dr. A. C. Caperton, long editor of the *Western Recorder,* were attendants. Dr. Basil Manly, whom the bride had come to love, and whose daughter, "Miss Lizzie," was her devoted friend, performed the ceremony, while Dr. T. T. Eaton followed with prayer, Dr. Eaton being the family pastor.

The couple had planned to take quietly the two o'clock train for Harrodsburg, but when they reached the station they found they had been forestalled by a lively group of their young friends who gaily made sure that everyone on the train was aware they had a bride and groom aboard! These wedding surprises seem to belong to every period of human history, and the preacher and his young wife entered into all the fun, showing no perturbation

when none of the party left the train as it started, but at the next station waved them a happy good-bye.

Arrived at Harrodsburg, it was past nine o'clock, but they had been met at a junction by a party of church people and the last of the journey was like a reception with so many of the pastor's friends being introduced to the bride. At a private home, where they were to board for a time, she was ushered into a big room with six long, beautifully draped windows, a lovely walnut bedroom set with exquisite lace fittings, and a spacious bookcase for the groom's rapidly growing library, while tucked here and there and everywhere about the room were roses with the thorns all gone! This last touch had been given by the young students at Daughter's College. The furnishings had been lovingly given and placed by the Girls' Society of the church, led by an older woman who had never known the joy of marriage in her own experience, and who had come to feel that the young pastor was her son.

Oh, the warmth and the joy of the whole experience for the bride! And the young girls of the church took her into their hearts with devoted and sole ownership,—a thing that had to be checked later by the wise young pastor, while he revealed to the inexperienced young wife that he was afraid she would never be able to have any intimate friends since it made jealousies among the people if a pastor or his wife chose out for special companionship any of their people. No friends. Seeing the wistful look in her eyes, he added, "We will be all in all to each other." A first lesson, which was duly learned, and the wisdom of which she saw verified many times in later life.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST VENTURE

The Harrodsburg days were very happy ones. The loving care which had been bestowed upon the young pastor by the boarding home mother was extended to the young bride, and everything made easy and delightful for the two. Then, Col. T. C. Bell, a prominent jurist of the state, and his wife, both of whom were members of the church, took the young people under their wings and nothing was too much to be done for them, while the spacious home in the edge of town was ever open to them. Through all the years of experience in the ministry that followed for Edgar Young Mullins, he said, "No preacher could have had a wiser, more tactful counsellor than Col. Bell." He helped the young man to understand the psychology of a church—any church. He helped to make clear the principles which worked for unity of purpose and harmony of effort in a body of believers. The wise lawyer, at the height of his career, had not dealt with humanity for thirty years to no purpose; and yet his knowledge, gained by experience, was enlightened always by Christian understanding and mellowed by yearning for the progress of the kingdom of God.

The first Sunday for the bride had been a great happening. To begin with, it had entirely escaped her that she would be a person of especial interest to the congregation and townspeople. She was oblivious of many things small and great in those days. Grover Cleveland had married the same day they had, and she always said that so oblivious of the fact was she that she never

knew a thing about Frances Folsom's trousseau! The only woman so lamentably ignorant in all the land. So, on the eventful morning of her first Sunday, she went to church with no self-consciousness. The first view of the dignified structure with its tall, square tower was most satisfying, and at the door she was met by one of the choir who insisted at once that she join them. That was nice, for she had long sung in a choir, and she did not realize that this acceptance was placing her at the right of the pulpit where everyone in the congregation could have a splendid view of the preacher's bride, and her pleasure was not marred by the suspicion that it was done with malice aforethought! In fact she had no mind that day except for the preacher. She had never heard him preach, as she still insisted, and there was before her the thrill of a new experience. And the actual, measured up, overran all expectations! There was nothing the least crude about his handling of the service. There was instead the ease and grace of movement that marked him everywhere, and when it came to the sermon, a clear-cut, forceful message full of freshness and power was presented.

"He can do it! He can do it—I knew he could," her heart sang.

So the early days went happily, but it was not long before they faced some adjustments. He had lived a family-free bachelor's life for so long and shaped his daily routine to suit himself. If the mood of work lingered long at night with the mind growing more and more scintillating till the wee, small hours, nobody minded. The late breakfast was always forthcoming and the whole day could be made leisurely and restful. For had he not scaled some mental heights the night before? He could afford to rest the next day. But, now, here was a second self with her physical and mental needs and habits. The big beautiful room

with its six windows was only one room after all, and the two must each consider the comfort of the other. There must be a reasonable hour fixed for retiring and he must have full opportunity for study. The agreement which followed resulted in the establishment of regular, unvarying hours of study for each morning, when the young preacher would woo the muse steadily whether she responded by so much as a single line or not. "That is the only way to get regular habits of work established," he said, "and in the long run of life it is going to mean more than occasional spurts of brilliancy." A thing fully seen as wise, meant acting upon it with E. Y. Mullins. A small evidence of this was a little homey experience between the bride and groom. She was looking over his clothes in the thrifty way she had seen her New England-born mother do. She found several good pairs of trousers frayed at the hem on the inside seam. She showed them to her husband and asked him what caused it. He looked with interest at the exhibit, and then said, "Why, the trousers are perfectly good except for this. There is not even a bit of wear in the seat —I could get a job as gardener all right on that."

They laughed together, and he said, "It is a shame. I will find out what does the fraying on that inside seam."

Sure enough a few days later he came in with his eyes twinkling.

"I have solved the mystery. I strike my ankles together when I walk. I shall do it no more." As evidence that he promptly corrected the small, destructive habit, there was never in his after life a pair of trousers worn at the inside seam.

The regular morning study hours from eight to twelve meant that the bride must be still as a mouse if she remained in the room, or she must occupy herself outside. For three months this program was carried out, and usually she stayed in, soon holding the

pens like little Dora of Dickens' fame, and then began the turning to her with various sermon matters which gave them the foundation for comradeship in work which endured for a lifetime.

But the need grew upon them for more space, and in the fall they took two rooms and a "lean-to" kitchen. This meant that the bride must learn how to make biscuits and lightbread, to do plain cooking of all sorts, but they were happy in the new sense of home-making and a bit of a realm all their own.

A small factory for sermonizing it proved largely to be. The two had lively times over many phases of the art, especially that of illustration. They hung Dr. Edward Judson's portrait upon the wall of their imagination and studied his methods of thought-illumination with earnest and sometimes very merry effort. Taking an illustration which he had determined to use in the next Sunday's sermon, they would discuss the best modes of introduction, and then he would demonstrate, and that was where the fun often came in. But it was serious business, too, for never did the slightest touch of illustrative material go into a sermon of the young preacher without careful weighing of its value and skilful planning of its presentation. He began, too, thus early in his ministry the accumulation of illustrative material. Not to paste into books, but to fix securely in his mind so that it was always at hand to draw upon in any emergency. A wonderful method of mind-storage he had; it is greatly to be regretted that his formula for this was not transmissible; but the secret, silent intricacies of that most marvelous thing in God's creation, a man's mind, are beyond mortal ken. Its structure and physical functionings have been most skilfully apprehended, but the subtle mystery of how man's spirit occupies, administers, and finally vacates this marvelous citadel of life will forever be beyond comprehension. So, Edgar Young Mullins' method of mind-storage

cannot be passed on, but that it was efficient, orderly, expansive, electrically ready was early seen. He became in time noted for his unusual fund of apt illustration and his highly skilful use of it. Brief flashes of simile, epigram after epigram, clear-cut narrative, exalted description, crescendoes of vision—all these came to his command; and for the sources from which these emanated one may simply go back to the early grind of intensive study of the use of illustration.

The sermons in actual function were an extremely serious matter of interest to the two young seekers after efficiency. The preacher expected his young wife to take in every word and know just how each one played its part. A failure to produce something for criticism afterward was *prima facie* evidence that she had not lived up to expectations!

Oh, there was nothing dull about their life together. There was fun, perennial interest and joy in all their work and problems. A most interesting revelation had come to the girl as a first experience in their life together. This lay in her discovery of what the Bible meant to her husband, how many different ways he had of using it, and that it was never far from his hand. There was devotional reading when every word fed and warmed his soul. There was wayside reading, so to speak, when he must have a passage to meet some small, unexpected need. There was expository reading when he delighted to let his mind play over a passage in illuminating reflection—to which she could listen by the hour. Of all his methods of sermonizing which developed later, she came to love the expository method for him, the best. It seemed to her that he was a wizard with the Bible in his skilful, joyous way of unfolding its meaning. Then she observed there were times when he held the sacred book in his hand as an unknown thing, and dug into its deepest recesses, comparing

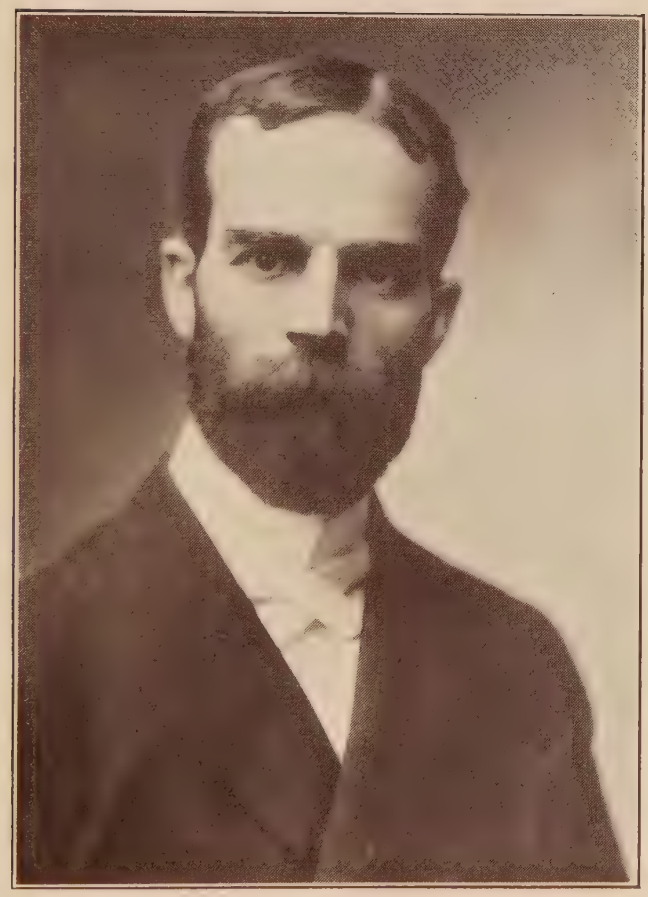
originals and triumphantly rising to a new plane of apprehension in some difficult passage.

When he was in grievous uncertainty or deeply concerned about any matter, feeling urgent need of guidance, the Word of God was his instant recourse. Finally, in his daily living the Bible met a necessity as surely as did food and drink.

These were the fundamentals of his Bible study methods, one might say, but how the sacred Word threaded through and through his life story would be difficult of portrayal.

The young husband and wife began early in their life together the interesting task of memorizing delightful things from the great poets and from the Scriptures. They chose the breakfast hours, beginning by learning one verse each morning at breakfast and repeating the ones previously learned till they could give a whole poem. A long list of things they memorized and Edgar Young stored them away in that wonderful mental storehouse of his, to be ready on call for the remainder of his life. Isla May stored hers just as carefully, but thieves, little thieves of time and the multiplicities of life, broke through and stole the beautiful accuracies of detail and finish; but the substance was not lost, even for her. They had on their list of things learned "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and numberless small things of Burns. "The Destruction of Sennacherib," by Byron, was one that they loved, and there were other treasures from the same brilliant, impassioned young poet. From Milton they memorized "L' Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," his poignant lament on his blindness, and some things from "Paradise Lost." They lingered long over the Brownings, beginning with Elizabeth's tender, beautiful tribute to Cowper, then the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which were the very acme of delight for two young people, and many other things from her. When Robert had his turn there was the inimitable

MRS. MULLINS IN HER YOUTH



PICTURE OF DR. MULLINS

TAKEN SOON AFTER REACHING LOUISVILLE AS SEMINARY PRESIDENT 1899

"Prospice," choice things from "Pippa Passes" and "Saul" together with "Memorabilia," "My Star," selections from "The Grammarian's Funeral," etc. Much spirited discussion went along with the study of Robert Browning, and there was no way to settle just what thought did he mean to convey in certain lines, so both could claim the victory with none to dispute. There were, too, some fine selections from Shakespeare which they made their own, and last, but not least, choice passages of scripture were sprinkled in along with the purely literary things, giving them a repertoire of memorized treasures that was a delight all their lives. In all this comradeship was mingled the merriment which was ever a part of their life together.

Beside these strictly dual activities, the young wife was very busy on her own account from the first. She had at once been set to teach a large class of sophisticated young women from the town's college, when she declared with honesty that they knew more than she did about everything! Then she organized a children's missionary society when there was no printed material for meetings and grand displays before mothers and fathers in the big church auditorium. So she wrote poems by the score, made missionary stories out of whole cloth, conjured from her brain charades and playlets. In this he gave her substantial help and always the warmest interest. Both worked with single-hearted intention, having no thought but that this was a life-field for them. There was absolutely no looking over into any other field, either far away or adjacent, with longing or hopeful eyes. From an old scrapbook in which many clippings were preserved by the wife may be seen early recognition in the press of E. Y. Mullins' ability and promise. She collected such interesting things as these:

"A brother of decided intelligence says: 'Brother Mullins is an excellent preacher if that sermon you printed last week is a

sample.' His members believe in him, as is seen by the way they crowd to hear him."

"Mr. Mullins is quite young in the ministry, but is of great promise."

"They say Rev. E. Y. Mullins does well in the pulpit and out of it."

"Rev. E. Y. Mullins is the talented and universally popular pastor of Harrodsburg Baptist Church. During the years he has been here he has endeared himself to the hearts of our people. He has practiced what he preached and has not hidden his light under a bushel, but has so conducted himself that saint and sinner alike join in his praises."

One especial treat came to them about this time. Dr. Broadus was in town, and came to call upon them—sat in their little sitting room and chatted in a most friendly way.

The field at Harrodsburg was a combined town and country work. In the town membership were some very able men. There was T. C. Bell, already mentioned, a man well known in the state and of growing national reputation. There was Dr. W. P. Harvey, for many years prominent in Baptist affairs of the state, a man of unusual influence and ability. And there was Mr. Burford, a wealthy and cultured man with all the prestige and social gifts of a real Kentucky gentleman. His wealth had suddenly crumbled, however, before Edgar Young Mullins went to Harrodsburg, but its loss had in no way marred the splendid attributes with which Mr. Burford was endowed. When his money was gone, his two boys went immediately to work, not waiting a moment for something suitable to "turn up." The thing at hand in the way of a job was breaking rock on the pike. They donned red flannel shirts and went at it. As soon as they accumulated sufficient funds they went at once to Louisville, lived on two meals a day and did

their own washing until their start was sure. It is needless to say that these two boys made most successful men. A daughter married George C. Lorimer, famous preacher of a generation ago, and their son, George H. Lorimer, is the distinguished editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Burford was senior deacon of the Harrodsburg church, quiet, consecrated, able, a man of unfaltering decision. On communion Sundays he could be relied upon to bring his Presbyterian wife to church to take communion with him at the Baptist table. This he had done from the time of his marriage, and there is no record of his ever having been molested.

All the deacons serving then cannot for the moment be recalled, but one of a humbler type comes clearly to mind. He was no longer young and his business of selling tracts was not particularly remunerative. In fact, his financial outlook was fast growing desperate. One day, however, he came to the young pastor with a beaming face and told a delightful experience. He had come to know quite intimately a middle-aged woman, who was a quiet, rather attractive and wholly successful seamstress in a modest way. The deacon cleverly conceived the idea of marrying the seamstress, but he would not for the world do anything without the Lord's direction. All his life he had depended upon heavenly guidance and he was not going to fail at the throne of grace in this critical moment of his career. So he had taken the matter to the Lord in prayer, asking for direction, and lo! the Lord had said plainly "by all means marry the seamstress." He had acted at once upon this response, presented the matter to the lady, who was a widow; she accepted him promptly and the deacon had come to the pastor to perform the ceremony that would make them one the very next week!

When the young pastor told his wife the story with almost overcoming merriment, they wondered together if the widow had failed to pray over the matter!

A sense of humor is one of the most essential traits for the work of the ministry. The two found much need of it and much opportunity for its exercise in this first pastorate as they did in all the others, widely different though they were. Helping the poor members of the church proved a source of constant surprise and often humor. The revelation of need was convincing on many occasions and the story pathetic. Then vigorous effort was at once made to bring succor, and the use to which the money was put proved often astounding and even exasperating. The young wife was utterly disgusted with one family in particular, but her husband with a twinkle in his eye, though in real earnestness, said, "That is a lesson we have to learn—to sympathize with their inefficiency. If they knew how to steer their lives effectively, they would not be in sore straits for money; but they do not know how, and it is our task to try to help them and to train them. There are the children, you know, we must keep our eyes upon them." In this particular case keeping an eye on the children paid in their future success.

The country contingency of the Harrodsburg church presented much of interest and opportunity. There were the thrifty and intelligent farmers and the hand-to-mouth small land cultivators. One old couple come vividly to mind. They were no longer able to attend church and craved often the pastor's visits. He gratified them as much as possible during his first year with the church; and when the bride came, they sent word to her that if she would come and spend the day with them, the old lady would give her a quilt. Quilts were the romance, the creative possibility of a poor soul that reached out beyond farm drudgery. So the pastor

took his young bride out, and it so happened that the deacon who had found so satisfactory an answer to prayer, and now no longer needing to look after the sordid, monetary side of living could drive about the country at will, selling tracts or not as it happened, was also there. The old couple welcomed them all to their spare two rooms with true Kentucky hospitality, and spread before them a dinner bountiful and savory. When this was enjoyed they brought the Bible and the hymn book and such a season of scripture reading, prayers of thanksgiving and songs of praise the bride had never imagined. Not for a moment did it pall upon anybody, and was to rest like a benediction upon the young pastor and his wife for a lifetime.

When this was finally ended, the moment for the exhibition of quilts had come, and oh! such an array of them! How had the house held them? They were beauties indeed, of such varied patterns, artistic colorings and exquisite workmanship, one could linger indefinitely over them. Finally the moment came when a beauty must be chosen for the bride. The old lady had been glancing furtively from one to another for some time, her soul evidently in serious struggle. At last she reached decision: "This is the one I will give you. It has a hole in the corner, you see, where a mouse gnawed it!"

The pastor and his bride felt that they must explode for a time, but were able to keep in the ringing laughter till they got out on the pike, driving toward home.

The old lady was not unlike the rest of humanity. It is pretty hard for the average earthly pilgrim to give generously.

So the lessons in human nature came abundantly in the first pastorate for Edgar Young Mullins.

CHAPTER IV

STUDIES IN LIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD

There was need of a meeting in the church the young pastor felt, and he secured the help of Fred D. Hale, an evangelist of unusual gifts. His earnestness, ability to impress his hearers, with no sensational methods, and his pictorial power of making vivid the Word of God were his outstanding qualities. Upon the pulpit wall in dramatic eloquence he painted in startling colors the serpent being lifted up in the wilderness before the Children of Israel; he spread about the pulpit panels the saving blood when all the first-born of Egypt were to be slain, and he threw upon the ceiling the three shining figures of the Transfiguration. These vivid pictures remained in memory for some time until the old church walls were taken down to make way for a new and adequate church building. Fred Hale made the gospel vivid and compelling. The church had been well prepared for the meeting and there was a great ingathering.

One incident of the meeting was unusual. An old man in the country, a hardened sinner, became the subject for especial effort on the part of the young pastor and the evangelist. They went into the country and met the old man on the roadside. Gently and tactfully the two came to the subject upon their hearts by way of the weather, the crop outlook, etc., then they swung into the subject of religion and the old man set his teeth. For two hours in the hot July sun the warfare raged with apparently no results, and finally the two preachers drove home sober and despondent. The old man had somehow gripped their heart-strings; they knew

he wanted to make confession, but they could not move him, he was harder than adamant.

They came home to a late dinner and the bride in serving them was astonished beyond measure to find them in a perfect gale of merriment. Nothing could subdue them, and she looked on helplessly. Funny way to carry on a meeting, she thought. But in time she was to know that if the minister did not learn to react in ripples and sometimes in humorous storms, he would break in his task of helping and guiding men's hearts.

The next night, to the perfect amazement of the two preachers who had labored so hopelessly with the old man, and to the surprise of all who knew him, he was the first to respond when the invitation was given and walked down the church aisle with his face shining as if he, too, had stood on Mt. Sinai.

When the meeting was over came the baptizing. This took place in a stream a few miles from town; there were some sixty people baptized and it was a beautiful, though primitive scene. One humorous thing presented itself, since life has a way of mixing emotions on any occasion. A Presbyterian lady was being baptized, thereby uniting with her husband, who was a Baptist. When out in the water and just about to be lowered, she suddenly fainted. She was quickly revived and led out to shore, where she instantly rebelled: "No, I am not going to give it up; I am out of the Presbyterian church and not yet in the Baptist. I am going to finish what I undertook. Take me back and baptize me. I am all right." The young pastor smiled upon her, reached his hand out, and it was promptly and quietly accomplished, none but the few about them knowing what had happened.

When the meeting was over, the pastor looked about his field and tried to see what would be of most help to the work of the church. One matter that had proved of great difficulty to him

was the finding of a suitable place to live. There were almost no vacant houses in the town. A parsonage was the thing that would help the church most! It would make for stability in the work. He found the deacons at first very apathetic. The church had never had a parsonage. They could not see why it should have one. But by tactful effort and patient waiting—no impetuosity—the young pastor gradually won many to a real consciousness of the need, and raised money for it in quite a substantial sum. But the end of his resources came, and the goal was not won. He absolutely saw no way to raise another dime. Failure? It was not a word in his vocabulary. There came from the young man a pouring out of soul for help, and lo, as with the old deacon, the answer came to him and from the most unexpected source. The successful sons of Deacon Burford, who had passed on to eternal rest, had heard of the projected parsonage for the church and asked the privilege of making up the remainder of the sum necessary, in memory of their father!

The young couple did not move into the parsonage, as it was rented for a time and they had a reluctance to move there, as they had not worked for it for their own occupation.

In March, after their wedding of the June before, the minister took his wife to his home in Corsicana, Texas. The trip together was a delightful one, like a honeymoon trip—the bit of marriage dessert which they had failed to get. It was also a vacation, when they could sit relaxed in mind and body and watch the flying trees and houses, or read a little together, or talk about things that had no relation to work. Then, to crown their pleasure, they fell into interesting company. The mother of Mrs. Pullman, of Pullman car fame, was on the sleeper with them for two days and nights, and she asked that the young couple join her at meal times. So they mingled their Kentucky beaten biscuits and fried

chicken and old ham with her delectable spread, and the trip took on a gilt edge with Pullman officials bowing before them and looking after every real or imagined need, just as was done for the charming lady who had made herself their hostess.

The young wife had never seen any of her husband's people. She had few relatives and had always longed to be in a big family. Her wish was gratified when Father Mullins, on the night of their arrival, stood all his family in line, and they stretched all around the big room. The young stranger was at once taken into their hearts and made one of them for life. There were six sisters and a brother of Edgar Young; then, when husbands and wives were added they made a goodly company. Only three of the girls were then unmarried. The visit was a delight in every way and in no particular more so than in the opportunity it gave the wife of studying her husband in the setting of his own family. It was not long before she knew that his mental gifts came largely from his father. There was the same clear method of thinking in both, the same keen analytical quality of mind, the same large grasp of religious thought. Where the divergence came was perhaps in the more dogmatic convictions of the elder man, but they were together again in their broad conceptions of life as a whole. The father's maturity had been spent as a pioneer Texas preacher and teacher, but he had always looked beyond the prairie's rim. The two, father and son, could talk together by the hour. From the mother came the young preacher's tall, willowy, graceful physique and her patient perseverance in work or difficulty; her innate love of the beautiful which must find expression in the thoughts of poets, in the pictures of artists or the charms of nature in flower and tree. There was, too, the creative vein in her, which she had passed on to her son, for she must always be making something of artistic beauty.

Also, in this line she must have been greatly gratified with her children, for seldom are found six more beautiful girls than hers: Flora, Blanche, Ophelia, Allie, Ada and Susie; and two handsomer young men than Edgar Young and Willie—according to the conclusion of the newly added member of the family.

Combined with the pleasure of the visit was a meeting which Edgar Young had been asked to hold with his old home church. And during the two weeks of this function the combined family reveled in all that it afforded them. There were a number of conversions and among them was a cousin of the young evangelist, a harum-scarum, brilliant boy of about eighteen. The family all rejoiced; it might help him to settle down, but they would have been pleased, indeed, had they looked forward to the very useful and effective life of Fred W. Freeman of Denver, Colorado, a successful man of affairs, and an influential figure he has proved to be in both the Southern and Northern Baptist Conventions.

The meeting over, the two visitors hurried back to their beloved church. Having traveled with royalty, so to speak, on the way down to Texas, they wondered what might happen to them on the way back. It was the unexpected that happened, of course. They promptly made friends with a very charming, middle-aged lady who was with them a day and night. The road was exceedingly rough, with many curves. As the friends met after the night, Isla May said frankly, "This is the roughest road I ever saw. I never will come this way again."

There was a minute's silence before the new friend said quietly, with a bit of hidden humor, "I always go this way because my husband is president of the road."

An appalling moment followed, then everybody laughed and Isla May lamely said, "Well, I said it, didn't I?"

Then the lady explained new plans for the road which were under way, and before the day was over the two women found very close mutual friends, and the journey home proved as much a delight as the trip down had been.

With their return work went well in every department, and then a longing which had been latent for years in the mind of Edgar Young began to take shape in positive planning. He had greatly desired a glimpse of Europe. He wanted to know what the other side of the world was like. He would say, "It is difficult to fully understand our own country when one knows nothing of any other." There was only money enough in sight to accomplish the trip for one, and Isla May urged him to go, for she knew how happy it would make her home people to have her once more with them. Her father and mother had gone to New England for the summer immediately after her marriage, and then the next winter they had spent largely in Florida. Now they were in Louisville again, and she would be so happy to join them there for two months.

So E. Y. Mullins and P. T. Hale, schoolmate and pastor at Danville, Kentucky, made a two-months' trip to Europe together. In the old scrapbook are letters from E. Y. printed in the *Western Recorder* which reveal how the two made their way about in the old world. Philip Hale knew something of French, and assumed responsibilities where French would serve to pierce the dense fog of language which assailed them. Edgar Young knew German quite thoroughly in technical fashion, but he had never spoken it—a far different proposition he discovered as he tried to exploit it on native soil. It is difficult for travelers of today, who find English spoken almost everywhere, to realize what traveling abroad in that day meant. But the two had no mishaps and found their

linguistic abilities quickened as a consequence of even lumbering usage.

The trip abroad meant the garnering of fine materials for E. Y. Mullins. The life of London and Paris, in the latter particularly, was an interesting study to him; humanity took on some undreamed-of phases as the two delved into its many-sided fascinations and allurements as onlookers and students. Then the wonderful scenery along the Rhine in its quiet loveliness touched something new and fine within him. Lastly, as the most notable thing of all for E. Y., were the pictures from the old masters in many art galleries. He would study them by the hour and never afterward lost a certain consciousness of them that was intrinsically religious. They were linked with his conceptions of Christ, and in his keeping to go back to in thought and feeling whenever he wished. The trip was in every way worth while.

An unusual personal thing for Mr. Mullins happened as the two friends walked toward their steamer on the return voyage. He had lit a cigar, when suddenly he threw it down, remarking, "I am not going to smoke any more." His companion laughed and thought nothing of it, but Edgar Young Mullins did not smoke again for twenty years or more, and never made it a habit again, only occasionally smoking with a friend. Just why he did this was never explained even to himself. There was no prejudice against a preacher's smoking in the South at that time, and nothing to coerce him.

During this trip abroad his young wife had the first great sorrow of her life. She had found her father not very well when she went home, and he continued for a month to be more or less ailing; then, suddenly, in the early morning of August 1, 1887, he was gone. It was a grief most devastating, especially to the girl, since grief is harder for youth than for middle or old

age. Life, as it goes on, steadies and strengthens the endurance of humanity. With the young, grief strikes in unexpected, brutal poignancy. Dr. John A. Broadus graciously held the little service at the house, talking in a simple, sympathetic way that brought sweet peace, and yet did not fail to give the great scriptural verities that made one feel God's sovereignty. The girl sat at her father's head, dressed in white. Why she chose white she could not have told; perhaps because she did not think at all, while some spiritual instinct guided. The relationship between her and her father had always been the most tender and understanding.

Another month passed when Isla May was glad to be with her mother and help through the first hard days. Then came the return of the foreign traveler. How tanned and how vigorous he looked with much added weight! The happiness of seeing him again was beyond words; but, after a brief time together, he went back to his church and she remained to help with new plans for her mother and brother. After a few weeks of adjustment, the young wife was back in her place in Harrodsburg, taking up the old duties with fresh, if chastened, interest, and noting that the young preacher had gained much from the summer opportunities. There was the broader outlook, the increased fund of knowledge, which lifted his sermons upon a higher plane.

The winter passed with continued prosperity in the church, then came the spring, and a notable thing happened. Out of a clear, unprophetic sky there came a call for the Harrodsburg pastor to the First Church of San Antonio, Texas. Now, if he could not go as a missionary to Brazil, the young preacher's next choice was to work somewhere in his home state, and the opportunity at San Antonio was most appealing. They talked and prayed earnestly over it and finally decided to accept. There was

conference with his deacons, who greatly regretted to give him up, but who felt that a broader field was sure to open to the young man and that it was their inevitable fate to lose him.

A letter was written to the San Antonio church accepting the call. Then a most unexpected thing happened. The young wife was taken ill and after several days of home treatment, Dr. Price, the warm friend of the preacher since his coming to the town, was called in. He had a very important statement to make at the conclusion of his visit. A new little life had begun, and if it was to successfully pass the initial period, there must be the utmost care of the young mother. There should, above everything, be no thought of a move for months to come!

He left the young couple a mixture of joy and perturbation with which to wrestle. The little one should certainly be allowed to make its preliminary journey with peace and safety. But, oh, they had fought the matter out as to acceptance of the San Antonio church, had been most sure of God's guidance, and had come to look forward to going there with the keenest expectations.

The question was, after all, that of the young preacher who had been first called of God. He took it alone to his Maker and after the hour in Gethsemane came back to his wife with peace and serenity. He smiled as he greeted her: "Well, I must go down town and send a telegram to the San Antonio church withdrawing my acceptance of their call. Perhaps the wire will get there first." She looked at him awe-struck: "Oh, are you really going to do that?" "Yes," he smiled again, "God has set this little new life in our path and we cannot trample it down."

Her heart sang, but there were tears, too, over the mixture of joy and disappointment.

A strange providence this, to suddenly block the broadening career of God's earnest, kingdom-seeking servant; and yet, to look back, what would have been the result if Edgar Young Mullins had gone to the southwest in his early ministry?

The summer days went along uneventfully until July. Then came another sudden beckoning from the blue, unheralded and unsought. Lee Street Baptist Church of Baltimore, Maryland, extended a call to the Harrodsburg pastor to take charge of their affairs. Again the struggle was on, but this time the little life was not a vital determining factor. The danger period had passed safely by, and the new field presented many most desirable advantages. Among others was the location there of Johns Hopkins University and an opportunity to study, perhaps, while the appeal of the great need of a large downtown church, with its ever shifting population, made the young man's nerves tingle with ambition to tackle the work. With Dr. Price to help plan for them, the move was most successfully made; and, according to his advice, the young wife and her mother invaded the field first, in order that the preacher might give his church at Harrodsburg reasonable notice of his retirement from their service.

The parting from the people of this first pastorate was very hard. They had grown into the hearts of both the pastor and his wife. It did not seem that they could ever love any other people in just the same way. Perhaps they did not. No two individual friendships are ever alike in affection and so it is perhaps with the larger ties of life. The people in return were greatly grieved over their loss. But Edgar Young Mullins had a philosophy of his own about the tie between the pastor and his people. It should not be too personal. He would say to his wife: "I want my people to like me and be loyal to me, I do not mean to be in the least aloof with them, but I do not want absorbing personal affection

from them, nor church activity that revolves around my personal influence. I want to make them see and love Christ; to make them feel that all they do is for his kingdom and not to please me. This makes for stability in a church, and when the pastor leaves, his people are anxious to get a new pastor that will take their work forward again. They will waste no time in sentimental grieving for the one they have lost. I have seen work fall about the heels of a selfish man who has put his whole effort into trying to make his people love him," he would end disgustedly, and he never departed from these convictions.

So it was with a normal, forward-looking affection that the two and the people of their first pastorate parted.

THE MULLINS HOME

1311 CHEROKEE ROAD, BUILT 1905

CHAPTER V

A NEW CHALLENGE

When Mrs. Mullins and her mother reached the big city of Baltimore, they were met at the station by some of the church people and comfortably placed in a pleasant boarding house room just at bedtime. They retired at once, being weary with the journey, but only fell asleep to waken suddenly with the heavens ablaze and the whole city burning up, as it seemed. They could look from their windows and see roof after roof catch fire, while terrible explosions rent the air and great rockets of flame pierced the firmament. It was light as day immediately in front of them, and they saw wounded people carried into a doctor's office just across the street. It was a strange situation for these two, alone, knowing no one in the great, new city and fearful lest any minute the relentless fire sweep them in, too. But Isla May's mother had not been through the Civil War for nothing, when she had sat and watched fires burning all night in every direction as property was destroyed by the conquering army. She kept her morale, knew that someone would come to their rescue if they were really in danger and soon pointed out that the flames were dying down, the fire under control. But their spectacular reception in Baltimore was not soon forgotten, though it did not do them any real harm.

The days flew by and the husband soon came to take charge of both the church and the forerunners. There was the first Sunday when he preached in the big auditorium for the first time The mother and daughter did not go to the morning service, but

at night they slipped into a rear seat very early and attended the night service. People crowded in, till the house was full, and Isla May's heart beat fast when her husband rose in the tall pulpit. He almost seemed like someone she did not know, so stately and yet perfectly at home he was in the new environment. When the sermon came, the people listened intently to every word he said. Then, as the evangelistic note came ringing in at the close, she was so moved she almost wished she had never made a profession that she might do so then! But, she need not have been so eager to make response, for there were a goodly company of others who went forward when the invitation was given. It was a downtown church with a substantial membership, and a surrounding constituency which was responsive to the clear call of evangelistic preaching of the quality which the young preacher had to give them.

Those first days were all interesting and exciting. Then came the great event, the little boy's arrival,—on a Sunday morning as the mother had predicted. She knew he would get mixed up with one of those fine sermons his father was preaching; and so it came about, but if the sermon suffered nobody knew it, and the little boy triumphantly greeted his father the moment of his return from morning service, on October 28, 1888. The name which he found ready for him was Edgar Wheeler Mullins, for his father and grandfather Hawley.

"A little preacher," whispered the mother, "getting here on a Sunday,—but a lazy one, I am afraid, getting here so late."

The joys added to life by the coming of a first-born, and a boy, are not to be depicted here, but no man's fibre is ever the same after he has known the love, the responsibility, the tender revelations of fatherhood.

Wheeler's brown eyes were the brightest in the baby days when, tucked up under "fava's" arm, the little boy listened to the perilous experience of Brer Rabbit with Tar-Baby.

A little later, when he had learned just where Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Tar-Baby, and all the rest were to be found, he would pick out the book from among the others, and toddling up to father, lay it in his lap; and the twinkling brown eyes were usually plea sufficient. The stories never seemed to lose their flavor, but were an ever enjoyable feast for the two.

Another great treat to the little boy was to go off somewhere with father, and then have mother welcome him back as though he had been gone a month. One day he went off in his best kilt, velvet jacket, and cap with father to see Mr. Roe. When mother welcomed him home again she said, "Did Mr. Roe say he was glad to see you?" "No," the little boy answered hesitatingly. Then brightening up, he added, "But he had smiles."

As the years went by and the little hand could reach higher and higher up to meet father's as they walked and talked together, it was hard to tell which was the greater, the little boy's love and admiration for father or father's love for and pride in the little boy.

It was no trouble for him to listen to sermons; it was just father talking, and he and father always understood one another. He would frequently give evidence, too, by his comments afterward, of having listened with clear understanding.

To do as "fava" did had been Wheeler's earliest ambition; and when the first trousers were on it seemed that success was nearly attained. How the short legs would stretch to keep pace with the long ones as they went down the street together! At prayer time it was all mother could do to preserve her gravity as one little knee stuck up in the air while the other was bent beneath him,

just as father's were, and wavered and struggled to keep just there till the prayer ended.

Father's study was understood to be forbidden territory during the early hours of the morning, but about twelve o'clock there was usually a stir beyond its closed door, and the little boy learned that he might venture in. So he grew into the habit of tramping downstairs about that time with big, heavy steps, and further announcing his approach with some blood-curdling bit in tremendous tones, such as:

"What makes your eyes so big? To see thee better, my child," etc. One day about that hour, father—unknown to the household—was endeavoring to listen patiently to the pompous talk of a young Englishman giving his impressions of America. In the midst there came the heavy tramp of two small but mighty feet down the stairs and a little voice solemnly and tremendously declaring, "Fe, fie, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman; dead or alive, I'll have some!"

As the little figure came in the doorway with the last terrible words, father collapsed with irrepressible laughter. The Englishman failed to see the joke, of course, and probably mentally added a chapter to his impression on "Young America."

For the summers the young mother usually took the little boy out of the city, down on the bay shore or up in the mountains, near enough for the husband and father to join them for a few days each week. Or, perhaps they went to New England, and he came later for a month's vacation.

Their first summer trip away was down on the bay shore, and a very startling thing happened. They came and went by boat, of course, and on one occasion Mrs. Mullins wrote her husband that she thought she would come up on the next boat, but she was not sure, especially if it should be hot, and that he must not

meet her at the boat—an admonition that he forthwith disobeyed. Going to the wharf when the boat arrived on the appointed day, his wife and the little boy did not come. Stepping back in disappointment he noticed a boat just going out for an afternoon's trip. It was very hot and he decided to take the boat and get the breeze from the water. Returning about nine o'clock, the boat was suddenly rammed by another vessel. Mr. Mullins had been standing a moment before just where the impact came! A dozen men, women and children were killed who stood there, and the vessel began to take water so rapidly that it looked every moment as if she would go down. There were no wireless messages in those days, and nothing was at hand to help them. It was a tense half hour, with prayer and lamentation going on unceasingly. The boat made shore, not in its accustomed place, but a landing anywhere was acceptable to everybody on the ill-fated ship. This added another experience for E. Y. Mullins to the many of his youth when death suddenly faced him and God intervened.

Life in the Baltimore church must go at a more rapid pace than that at Harrodsburg. Preaching must follow different lines. It must be more incisive, more clarified, more compelling. The two comrades in work and joy felt the stimulus of a fresh vital challenge. Edgar Young Mullins' power as a thinker had grown tremendously since his graduation. His mind went out eagerly along many lines. He was an indefatigable student, and when he had taken a text he went off delightedly into all its ramifications, while the young wife would laugh and say, "Yes, I know how you enjoy all that technical development; and having grown up with you for several years, by straining my brains I can follow you with a degree of understanding. But, you know our folks are plain working people with little education as a rule, and you must make a straight line through all that which they can follow."

This soon came to be a familiar criticism, and with a rueful laugh the intricate thinker would come again, "Well, I believe I have done away with the technical rubbish and made the straight line you are always talking about."

Clarity and singleness of message was the thing they worked for most at Lee Street, Baltimore. With his mind always gathering in, thinking things through and through, unfolding its own individual viewpoint, it was inevitable that he run ahead intellectually in sermons to his downtown congregation if he were not very careful. But what amazing fruit this care and striving for clear, convincing statement bore in the greatest period of his life work! He came to say that if the *truth* were accurately and convincingly stated it would always win.

The thought of Johns Hopkins University as an opportunity in Baltimore did not prove an empty dream. He took a course there, and all the ins and outs of inductive logic became household property, though the little boy's part was simply keeping still when father and mother were talking about such non-understandable things.

How the born thinker loved the intricacies of logical reasoning, and how it contributed to his power of stating things so that "he that ran" might read! Those who knew him in his later life saw the full fruition of his early work. He took another course of study while in Baltimore. This was in expression, that he might make his delivery the very best of which he was capable, and particularly to give strength and power to his voice. The little boy greatly enjoyed his father's exercises, especially the gutteral ones.

Baltimore had a most interesting Baptist Ministers' Conference. It met every Monday morning. It was interesting because of its cosmopolitan make-up. There were Southern men, born and bred; such men as A. C. Dixon, H. M. Wharton, L. L.

Henson, Dr. J. W. M. Williams; and from the North the incomparable F. M. Ellis, A. J. Rowland, and the distinguished retired divine, Dr. Franklin Wilson, who held the admiration and love of Baltimore Baptists, and a number of others from both North and South. In addition to these the negro ministers of the city were included. This made a cosmopolitan group indeed. It was a brainy, stimulating body, and the weekly meetings were not for relaxed Monday morning effervescence, but papers of matured preparation were given, and the discussion which followed was always vigorous and worthwhile. E. Y. Mullins found it all most satisfying. On one occasion after he had given the paper on some doctrinal subject, Dr. Franklin Wilson took him aside quietly and said, "You will be a teacher of theology some day." What a vision of delight spread itself for a moment before the young man—and oh, if the future could have drawn its veil for an instant!

Dr. F. M. Ellis, the great preacher and thinker of that period, pastor of Eutaw Place Church, felt a warm affinity for the young downtown pastor. He invited the younger man to go with him on a trip down the Chesapeake Bay and a stop for a few days on the shore, just to talk and revel in discussion of things in which they were both interested. Then, sometimes, he would come down to the Lee Street Church study and talk for hours with the young friend of his choice. One such day the wife remembers vividly, for Edgar Young came across to his home and suggested that they have Dr. Ellis come over to lunch with them at the noon hour. She agreed readily, but oh, the flutter it threw her into! Why, she didn't have a tablecloth that she thought worthy! So she flew out and bought one and made it ready. Then what a delicious oyster stew she and the maid brought to pass,—but tragedy unspeakable, for the first time in the history of their stay

in the city where oysters are omnipotent, there wasn't a cracker in the house, and it was too late to send out for any—the stew was steaming on the table! The misery of that first course can be imagined when bread was served with the stew. But an embarrassing radiance came with the dessert; a radiance when the guest of honor praised warmly the dessert, and then embarrassingly, though most charmingly, asked what she called it, when she had concocted it from cake crumbs, sauce and a whipped white of egg!

But even these things did not mar the joy of the visit, while the guest seemed to love sitting with them and seeing the little boy who was so complete a replica of his father.

In fact it came about that the young couple of the downtown district had found most of their friends in the uptown churches. Of course there had come to be tender love for their church people, but they were all a busy people with little time for the social. There were the Woods family, up on Eutaw Place, who were most gracious to these two, also the Leverings, Misses Annie and Alice Armstrong, the Edmondses, the Tylers,—it would be difficult to name them all. There were also two social opportunities which were a delight to Edgar Y. Mullins and his wife. The first was the Baltimore Baptist Social Union. This was a really high-grade function, which was held at some prominent hotel and for which one laid much stress upon the gown which should be worn. One meeting stands out for Isla May when she was seated at the right hand of Dr. Ellis, who presided, and asked him to draw a cat for her Autograph Cat Book, which was made up of impromptu drawings of the well-known feline and capped off with the drawer's autograph. As a result the long table was soon at the hilarious task of drawing cats upon the backs of their menus, and they may be found today in the book which is treasured with

the old scrapbook of early records. The cat book, however, had its beginning in 1883, and starting with drawings from the great Seminary founders, grew with the years until it now presents drawings from famous men all over the world.

The other social opportunity was found in the Pandasia, a friendly organization which the Baptist pastors and their wives formed, which met for an evening together once a month. This was a more homey, but an equally enjoyable affair. Still another source of contact with Baltimore Baptists at large came through the fact that Edgar Young Mullins' wife became a member of the executive committee of the then recently organized Woman's Missionary Union, auxiliary to the Southern Baptist Convention. There were nine Baltimore women on the executive committee, and Mrs. Mullins was soon placed at the head of the sub-committee on young people's work. Under her was organized the South-wide Y.W.A., and the Sunbeam Bands, which started for the women of the South their work among Baptist young people. Through her committee, too, was first put on in Baltimore a public demonstration in one of the uptown churches of a great children's mass meeting in which only the children took part. It was quite elaborate with procession and choruses, dialogues, playlets and tableaux (all of which she wrote and prepared), for it was intended to show how children could be enlisted all over the South in the Centennial movement for church building and enlargement. There was also a similar demonstration of the possibilities of a public Y.W.A. meeting, where Mrs. Mullins' committee did their best to show attractively what might be done with the young women of the South for the Baptist cause. Nothing makes friendships more quickly than companionship in work, and so Baltimore proved a delightful place in which the young couple had come to live. The summers were usually spent in part away from the

city's heat, as has been noted, and the New England vacations often brought invitations to the young Southern preacher to supply Eastern pastorates. He preached a great deal for the Arlington, Massachusetts, church and they became very fond of him. It was a prominent Boston suburban church.

The South from a broad point of view first turned its telescope (or microscope) toward E. Y. Mullins while he was in Baltimore. He was asked in 1891 to represent the Foreign Mission Board at the Southern Baptist Convention at Birmingham by speaking on pagan fields. This was not a large service, but the amount of work put upon it was far beyond the commensurate, and that it was taken note of is therefore not surprising.

The young preacher hurried back from this, to him, important occasion, to meet one of greatest interest at home. A day or two after his return a second little boy came, May 30, 1891, a robust little fellow who found the name, Roy Granberry Mullins, waiting for him. The Granberry was for a paternal grandmother, the Roy simply a name they liked. How big the first boy, Wheeler, became upon the advent of the little brother! A bare month of happiness followed, when a slight illness attacked the baby—there was a mistake in the druggist's preparation of a prescription—a few hours and the baby was gone, June 26. Just a little time further he lay in his waxen purity with a rosebud in his tiny fingers and then they saw him no more. Is such a life wasted? A thousand times no! Neither the father nor the mother would have foregone that wonderful experience in his brief stay and also in his going. It hallowed life and it infinitely brightened heaven.

To one who has never carried the burden of a downtown church work it will be impossible to make the story vivid enough for the reality. The drain upon mind and heart and body of a pastor is simply beyond understanding if it has not been experi-

enced. There are the struggling widows, with children whom they are trying to educate and make self-supporting; and as the pastor follows her along with help here and there when finances run low, with cheer when cares press too hard and she turns to him as though he were the great liberator, these are things to reckon with. And, at last, perhaps when her goal is about won the enticements of a great city allure the oldest girl into a net of sin which the mother knows means destruction. Or else it is the boy, who just as he reaches the point of family helpfulness, gets a taste of drink and is soon gone beyond her reach. These come to the pastor as heart experiences of his very own and take their toll of his vital forces. Yet he must meet the challenge, do desperately what he can for the erring girl or boy, and then sometimes, oh, the joy of a victory, which makes up for all the suffering and anxiety and effort!

Of course, there is, too, always the woman wedded to living death, with husbands who are confirmed drunkards or fixed "ne'er-do-wells." These often become sanctified by the fires of life, and the pastor must stand and let the burning brands sear his own heart. Again there is a husband swung helplessly about by an impossible woman while he slaves far beyond his strength to keep his children together and do his best for them. These are every-day phases of the downtown pastor's work which drain with their intimate poignancy. There are men and women, too, out of work whom he must help find it, or there is no peace for his mind.

On the other hand there come the humorous things that enable the minister of such a flock and his wife to laugh often and keep normal. With Edgar Young Mullins there was an early wedding of an extremely unsophisticated pair who had come to town from the country. The fact that the minister had married them created

a life lease of his services for them. This was totally unsuspected by the party of the second part, but came to confirmation most promptly in the months that followed. The bride proved of an hysterical make-up, really high-strung and knowing nothing of self-control, and with each manifestation the pastor was hurriedly sent for. The trouble grew with pregnancy a complication, and the minister found a situation on his hands. The young couple were without friends in the big city, with very limited means, and to give first-hand aid was often only simple humanity. But the young wife of the preacher began to see humor in the outlook; she even grew hilarious as time went on and told her husband that when the critical moment was on he would be the first one sent for. She was not a false prophet and he did not fail the two novices in their hour of trial, though a competent specialist was the principal in the case. When the preacher had reached home after hours of real strain, and was taking a much-needed rest, he was again hurriedly summoned. Thinking that death probably was at hand for one of the three, he hurried to the little two-room flat. Arrived there, the trouble was at once made known: the small newcomer had suffered considerable elongation of head in his advent to a strange world of trouble and the parents were in an agony of fear and apprehension. The pastor retreated behind the specialist this time, and had him called forthwith.

There was another couple among many who hung upon the sympathy and help of the young pastor who had married them. Somehow, this official tie took on a wholly unexpected meaning for the young minister in his downtown work. It is fortunate that all the complications of present-day divorce were not added to his strenuous life. This second couple were not so constant in their needs as the first, but a pathos crept into the situation that strongly moved the young minister's heart. The young wife

became a mother, and then developed rapid tuberculosis. Down, down she went, with a courage and hopefulness that was heart-breaking. They had very little upon which to live, and almost no comforts came to them that the pastor did not bring. At last the end was reached and the young husband took the emaciated body of his wife down on the bay shore to her old home for burial. After a few days the pastor went to see how the young father was getting along with his motherless baby.

As he walked into the room a young woman sat holding the baby in her lap and the bereaved father came smilingly toward the pastor. An introduction followed:

"This is my wife, pastor," said the young man.

The minister was dazed. Was he dreaming? Before he could straighten his mind out and be sure that he had not suddenly lost his wits, the young father went on:

"You see, while I was down at the burying, I found Miss Busby was willing to marry me and come right on home and take care of me and the baby," he ended with a confident smile.

The pastor tried to be equal to the occasion, but soon withdrew. "Well, if that isn't a new angle on life!" exploded from his lips as soon as he was out of hearing.

The matrimonial market for the pastor of Lee Street Baptist Church, Baltimore, however, was astonishingly good and quite enlivening. There was the dense downtown population about them with this the largest church in the section,—and the poor never hesitate to indulge in the luxury of marriage. Then there were the runaway couples from down the bay on both coasts, Maryland and Virginia, who came up from the wharf, only two squares away, and readily found the pastor of the largest church in that region. The big Union Station was also close at hand and brought its quota from the mountains, and surrounding country. Often

there were two and three weddings a day, and Isla May wondered that she did not get rich on the fees, but the outgo in that field more than kept balance with the matrimonial income.

This account of downtown church work in a great city is of a day before the assistant pastor or church secretary were ever thought of, neither were there women of leisure who could help the pastor out in personal work.

CHAPTER VI

PROBLEMS

Edgar Young Mullins did not escape the inevitable "church fuss." Few families avoid differences of opinion and an occasional impasse, and so it is with the big church family. The one which came to Lee Street Baptist Church was precipitated most unexpectedly. The large auditorium was being renovated, and for the summer months the basement lecture room was being used. It was a spacious and well-lit room; it had an organ and a piano. The organ was for prayer meeting purposes, while the piano was for Sunday school use. When the first Sunday for downstairs church services arrived, it found the old and the young people of its membership at loggerheads. The young folks, sensing an opportunity for relaxed and informal meetings on Sunday nights during the summer, were very determined to use the piano and make a more sprightly thing of the music. The deacons, especially the senior deacon, were immediately opposed. The organ by all means must be used for all the Sunday services to give dignity and solemnity to the occasion, a thing difficult enough to achieve in the downstairs quarters.

The morning service, upon which the young people had no designs, was electrified by a tension between the two elements that was most threatening. It looked every moment that there might be a tempest, but the young pastor stayed until the last person had gone. He was calm and confident though he had absolutely no desire in the matter. Sacred music was sacred to him whether it came from organ or piano. He went home when the service was

entirely over, and immediately after dinner began a siege upon the throne of grace. His people had worked harmoniously ever since he went there and he could not brook the thought of any dissension. After his season of supplication for guidance, his Bible in hand, as always, a sense of peace came over him and he slept refreshingly, though no definite plan of action came to him. He went to the church that night still calm, but with his method of procedure still uncharted.

As he sat watching the congregation pour in until the house was packed, then waited a moment to open the service, his eyes went to the two instruments under contention. The organ was a somewhat ruddy brown—walnut in natural shades; the piano was of darker tone, highly polished, almost suggesting ebony. Instantly his thought went back to memories of his boyhood, and there was a sudden light of victory in his eyes as he rose for the invocation, which opened the service. He lifted his hands reverently, pronounced it with gentle emphasis and when it was done, he still stood before them, an engaging smile upon his face. "As I have sat here," he said, "I have gone back to my boyhood and remembered two fine cows my father had. They were both beauties to look at, the one with her brindle coat well-groomed, and softly tinted; the other a glistening black with short horns and head up. Now, both gave splendid milk; as a boy I used to try to find out which gave the best, but I never could; the milk from both was delicious and satisfying."

Everyone was smiling with him by this time for many of them had old recollections, too. Then he turned this to account: "Now this evening we have here before us two fine musical instruments; the piano in gleaming black on my left here, the organ on my right in soft, rich brown. They both make splendid music, for the life of me I cannot tell which I like the better,—it all hints to

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AT 1311 CHEROKEE ROAD, WITH PICTURE OF PAUL OVER MANTEL, 1905

me of the heavenly music which is awaiting us—" and his voice softened with quick tears, "and I just want to say that as far as I am concerned either instrument may be used for Sunday night services."

There was a pause and deep silence. Then the senior deacon rose, a white-haired man of great dignity and equal integrity, but noted for his firmness in any position he had taken. He had led the organ forces.

With firm voice he spoke. "I move that the piano be used at night."

The pastor instantly asked if there was a second to that motion, and immediately there was a second from the next deacon in line. Then the vote was taken and the piano for evening service was given unanimous precedence.

A hymn was then given out, sprightly notes from the piano followed, and it seemed to the pastor that he never heard more satisfying singing.

Lee Street Church proved a rich school in the science of human nature for the young preacher, and he often said later that "he certainly knew folks."

Seven years went by in Baltimore with constant additions to the church, large crowds in attendance and all the work thriving. Then there was a vacancy in a most important uptown pulpit. E. Y. Mullins was wanted for it, but there was an unwritten law among the churches of Baltimore that no pastor should be called from one pulpit to another in the city. During the agitation over this, for many of the uptown church would have ignored the unwritten law, Edgar Young had a dream of which he often told He was a shepherd of sheep, alone in a fog, when suddenly the heavens opened and the Lord showed him the most beautiful flock

imagination could picture, white like the shining clouds, and soft and tender-eyed. "These are yours," said the Lord.

He told it to his wife in the morning and though really impressed, so vivid it had been, laughed heartily at himself and said, "That means I must idealize my own struggling flock and lift it further into the light of heaven." There had not, indeed, been the least discontent with his own flock, but sometimes the multiplicity of its needs was wearying to the body. Isla May said of her Sunday school classes, for she taught both morning and afternoon, that the whole field of human development was before her. There were some fine, cultured girls, but for many she must teach grammar and geography, manners and morals, the arts and religion. But she reveled in the doing of it, for the class was largely most responsive and eager for all she had to give them. There were one or two girls who had decided talent for music and she helped them to better singing. Then the field of Bible study, with its environs of geographic and civil and everyday living of the time of Christ, made most fascinating study. Dr. W. R. Harper, of Yale, afterward president of Chicago University, was enthusiastic over general biblical supplementary study and was sponsoring courses for use all over the country. He spoke at Baltimore, and the equally enthusiastic young teacher had an unexpected opportunity to tell him of her girls, many of whom, especially in the afternoon class, came from the poorest of homes. He said to her with eagerness, "You keep right on with your work. I am going to send you our examination papers at the end of our term and see how you come out! Be sure you let me know," was his parting challenge. He was as good as his word; the papers came, written examinations were given with scrupulous honesty, and the delight of the young teacher was unbounded when the papers had

gone to Dr. Harper and were returned with every single girl passing except one, who was about to be married!

Some matter of real concern arose for the negroes of the Baltimore Baptist Ministers' Conference. It might be supposed that they would appeal to one of the distinguished Northern men from that body, but instead they asked that E. Y. Mullins head the committee in charge of the matter. As one of them explained, it was not simply that Mr. Mullins was a Southern man and understood them better, but it was his fairness in looking at anything. They knew they would get from him whatever was right and just for them, and would be content with his decision. It was a tribute which E. Y. Mullins valued. All through his life he was a sincere and helpful friend of the Negro. His indignation rose mightily at any injustice to the race, and he would put aside other plans for them whenever necessary. A special instance, though of a later period, is recalled. Dr. Mullins had made an appointment to preach for the negroes of Louisville on a certain night. As he started to make entry of it in his notebook, where he kept an accurate list of all engagements, the colored man said, "Oh, you needn't put that down. We won't let you forget it," and laughed jocosely. So a note was not made in that infallible notebook—and the good-natured colored preacher forgot his promise, though he did not fail to expect Dr. Mullins, and to call together a rousing congregation.

It so happened that the day was exceedingly full for Dr. Mullins, so full that he was utterly fagged and went to bed by eight o'clock that night. At half past the phone rang and a big, hearty colored voice (their voices are distinctive to one who knows them well) wanted to know where Dr. Mullins was. His wife was at the phone and quietly tried to make the man understand that Dr. Mullins could not come. But that prostrate and well-

covered individual began to call out, asking what it was all about, and his wife had to enlighten him. "Oh, those colored folks," he exclaimed, at the same moment turning out of bed. "Ask Harris if he can hold them until I can get there." His wife protested in vain. "Disappoint those colored folks? No, siree! If they were white I would, because that fellow failed to remind me as he promised. But negroes—I'll go if I bust!" And he made his way on the street car to the other end of town, finding a big congregation singing lustily while they waited. When he came home he said he never enjoyed anything more in his life, and wasn't tired in the least!

An interesting part of Mr. Mullins' Baltimore work was a department he carried in the *Maryland Baptist,* the weekly denominational paper for the state. He called his department "The Signal Station," and from its conning tower he recorded bright flashes from denominational interests at large, and of events great and small in the outside world. He was a keen observer, even then, and a conscious participant in the onward movement of religious and civil life. World consciousness was a thing inherent with him. He did not grow into it, his mind was of cosmopolitan type from the beginning. In that Signal Station he simply forestalled a little his later destiny. Greatly he enjoyed its editorship, his fingers seeming to have found a task for which they were made. Later in life when he headed a great denominational interest he would often say, "If I were not doing what I am, I would rather edit a denominational paper than do anything else in the world."

His sermons were often reported in the *Baltimore Sun.* He had a way of presenting a series which caught popular interest and brought notice from the city papers.

Mr. Mullins also did a bit of reporting while in Baltimore. The initial course of lectures for the Y.M.C.A. of Johns Hopkins University on the Levering Foundation were given in Levering Hall by Dr. John A. Broadus, president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, in March, 1890, on "Jesus of Nazareth." Mr. Mullins reported them fully. The course was covered by three lectures: "Jesus of Nazareth," the general topic, first lecture—"His Personal Character"; second, "His Ethical Teachings"; third, "His Supernatural Works." The two Louisville and seminary lovers enjoyed each of the great lectures, and were as proud of the gifted speaker as can be imagined. Dr. Broadus, on his part, was most gracious to them, showing the intimate, friendly interest in their affairs that only he knew how to do so royally. There was to be one more meeting with him vouchsafed to them. It occurred a few years later, also in Baltimore, at a state convention, and then they saw him no more. But how Edgar Young Mullins' life was to form an important link in a great denominational chain with Dr. Broadus, there was of course no hint from the veiled future. Full reports of this series of lectures are to be found in the old scrapbook which Isla May began to keep in their early married days.

E. Y. Mullins was an inveterate consumer of books. In the early days he confined himself almost wholly to religious and related books. He gave almost no attention to novels. The statement that he was a consumer of books was a correct one. He did not merely read, he mastered what he read. A favorite method was to tell his wife the content of chapters as he read them; and she loved this partnership, loved to ask questions and hear him expand under the stimulus. If it were not for those small thieves of time and the multiplicity of life she might have been a walking encyclopedia. Only this she could have been, for she did not

always relate what she heard to her general fund of knowledge, but was content with the joy of sharing. As for E. Y., he fitted every new thought into his professional equipment and, at the beginning as well as later, his life was a continual ingathering of knowledge.

At Baltimore, one can look back upon his tall figure with its graceful swing, his alert, expressive eyes and prepossessing manner, and feel that he was the very spirit of progress and optimism. His church was a vital test of the latter quality. It was located downtown; the poor gravitated to it from the wharf and the railroad stations of the vicinity. As they prospered and began to look up in the world they would move uptown to live, and Lee Street knew them no more. The substantial membership, of which there was a fine, devoted body but no one of wealth, complained much of this unfairness which the great city meted out to them. After Edgar Young Mullins had heard it a few times, he rebelled good humoredly, but decidedly. "Now, look here, I think it is fine that old Lee Street can take raw recruits, help them out in their struggles and then send them on and up. It is a wonderful work the old church is doing." Then earnestly, "I beg that from this time no one will ever speak to me of that as a discouragement." And nobody did. With a pastor undaunted, the people caught his spirit, and a more united and courageous body could scarcely be found. Baltimore was a city of strong missionary interests. It was a vital part of the Baptist church effort throughout the whole city. This made it a place of particular congeniality for E. Y. Mullins, and his church did not lag behind in this kingdom work.

There was no palling of interest at Lee Street for either of them and they were not looking hopefully elsewhere; but, nevertheless, in the spring of 1895 a call came for E. Y. Mullins to preach for the First Baptist Church of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

He was bidden to consider succeeding a pastor who had just died and who had been shepherd of the flock for forty years. This pastor had married them and buried all their dead. It was hard for many to think of anyone as filling his place. When Edgar Young Mullins went to see and preach for them, and the vote was taken on his call, there was one man who opposed. The young preacher declined.

"I may be foolish," he said to his wife on his return home, "for it is a most attractive field, with Harvard just at hand, but I feel they must wait awhile till every man and woman of them *wants* a pastor. I sensed a certain reluctance in many."

Almost immediately following this came a call from the Foreign Mission Board of the South that he take the place of assistant secretary. He replied at once that he would not accept the position of assistant, but if they wanted an associate secretary, he thought he would undertake it at their call. His explanation to them was this: he wanted an opportunity to exercise whatever initiative might be his. He wanted to be able to think over the problems of the work in a constructive way, and have freedom to present such measures as seemed to him to have wisdom. They most readily agreed to the change of title and function, and he accepted their call to the position of associate secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

The family moved to Richmond, Virginia, in the fall of 1895.

CHAPTER VII

AN ADVENTURE IN MISSIONS

The going to Richmond, Virginia, to live was an interesting experience. There were new contacts with the Baptists of a great state, there were friendly ties to be formed with more freedom than the pastorate had offered; above all there was a vital part for E. Y. Mullins in the great impulse of his life,—Foreign Mission endeavor! The greeting which awaited him by his colleague and family was most cordial. The big house which the Willinghams occupied down in the center of town was in keeping with the bigness of heart which characterized the family. The newcomers were taken in with loving care and helped to locate favorably, but the big house and its welcome always remained a thing of warmth and refuge during the stay of the Mullins family in Richmond.

Surveying with his keen eyes the needs of the work of the Foreign Board, E. Y. Mullins found himself saying, "Education, education." The people at large should know more of the fundamentals of foreign work, more of its spiritual initiatory impulses, more of its significance in human history, more of its potentialities in the future of man's destiny. And the place to begin to educate was with the young. Accordingly he wrote three lectures, unfolding the topics which had dominated his thinking. When he had them done he talked with Dr. Willingham about his plan and found enthusiastic response. Arrangements were immediately made for Mr. Mullins to give these lectures at Richmond College, then located near the heart of the city. The large chapel of the

school was filled each of the three nights, and enthusiasm grew with each of the three lectures. Nothing like them had been given before, and the Baptists of the city gave the young associate of the Foreign Board most hearty commendation as a speaker of penetrating thought, of fresh and compelling interest and unusual charm of personality and delivery. Richmond, indeed, poured out its heart to him. He was invited to preach constantly and soon found a following who went from place to place to hear him.

He worked with enthusiasm as his plans unfolded more and more for work among denominational colleges all over the South, and Dr. Willingham was most responsive. As E. Y. Mullins conceived it, his work would be educational, adding a new department to the general work of the Board, and leaving Dr. Willingham with the administrative and general publicity end, as he had always and most effectively carried it.

But there soon came embarrassment in the carrying out of this program. Perhaps the fundamental thing behind it was the fact that the Foreign Mission Board did not need two men of the caliber of R. J. Willingham and E. Y. Mullins. Dr. Willingham had borne all the burden of the Board's work, and with one of the biggest hearts that ever beat and most loyal consecration to the work of Foreign Missions, it was difficult for him to relinquish this new angle to another. Not that he was jealous—not for a moment; not that he was grudging of an opportunity for another; but having poured himself intensely into the work as a whole, it was difficult to adjust himself to so vital a division of leadership. It was probably a thing not defined, or of which he was definitely conscious, but it was a situation in which can readily be given understanding and sympathy for the older man, who had been sole burden-bearer for years.

On the younger man's side was the equal impossibility of turning over the carrying out of his plans to another; and he may be sympathized with there. More than either of these things, however, was the fact that "God was in his heaven and all was right with the world," as shall be seen. After a few trips away to colleges and the giving of his very vital course of lectures, E. Y. Mullins began to sense the fact that he was going to hurt the work of Foreign Missions as then organized, rather than help it with his educational program. Because it was in a measure taking away the enthusiastic ongoing of his beloved colleague. Convinced of this, without a word of misunderstanding or the least lessening of affectionate cooperation, without even a conference, E. Y. Mullins dropped back into the work of the office, taking on a daily routine for which he was in no way fitted. But he stuck doggedly to it without a word of complaint, even at home. Not a syllable was passed to his wife which had a hint of disappointment, but she did not fail to sense some things, nevertheless. Four months and a half of their stay had gone by for her with a plaintive undertone ringing, "It is not well with my soul —nor with my husband's," and then a day came when the Master put forth his hand again in the career of a choice servant.

Edgar Young Mullins came home to the noonday meal. They ate in a silence that somehow was growing upon them. At the end of the meal he rose to leave, then turned, as though in sudden recollection, and reaching into his pocket took out a letter, remarking casually, "You may like to read this." His wife took it as he sat down to read the paper a moment before starting back to the office.

An exclamation from her failed to win his attention, but she persisted with increased emphasis, "What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," was the laconic answer.

"Nothing! You can't mean that. Here I've been praying as hard as I could that the Lord would do something to take you away from here, and now that there is a beautiful chance, you say you are going to do nothing!"

He was silent at that for a time, but finally he said, "I prayed with all the soul I had to know if I should come here, and now I am not going through that terrible struggle again. I believe God meant me to come here," he ended stoutly.

The wife was silent in her turn for a moment, and then she said quietly, "Well, if you are not going to do anything about it, I am."

If he heard it there was no sign, and soon he went to the office as usual.

When he was gone the wife put on her wraps, for it was late January weather, and went out. Where she went was to see her friend, Mrs. George R. Hovey, for whom she had come quickly to feel a warm affection.

She found that lady at home and at once poured out the story she had to tell. She began it, however, in a precipitate sort of way that, if her friend had not been most understanding, would have proved very confusing. It was with an unexpected and direct question: "Do you think my husband would make a good pastor for the Newton Centre Church—would he fit them and their needs?"

Mrs. Hovey was astonished. "Fit them? How strange! Mr. Hovey and I have gone to hear him every chance we have had; we have followed him around from church to church here, and every time we have heard him we have said, 'How well he would suit the Newton Centre Church!'"

Dr. George Hovey was a son of Dr. Alvah Hovey, for fifty years connected with, and for many years president of Newton Theological Institution, located at Newton Centre, Massachusetts. It was therefore their home town and they knew the church well.

Then the story came out that a friend of Mr. Mullins, a prominent business man of Baltimore who had gone to New York, had written a letter telling E. Y. Mullins that the friend had been asked by the Newton Centre Church to recommend a Southern man for their pastor, and that he had given high commendation of Mr. Mullins for the place.

"That is wonderful," said Mrs. Hovey. "We would have recommended him for the place if we had dreamed that he could be secured. He had just come here, you know," she ended apologetically. Then the young wife poured out her feeling about the unfitness of the place on the Board that he had taken, and her earnest desire that the Master would send something else to take him away. The result of these unfoldings was that the Hoveys came that night to talk with Mr. Mullins, himself, about the matter. They did this over the protest of Isla May, who said with great earnestness, "I determined when I married never to interfere with my husband's work in any way, and I must not begin it now. The only thing I dare do is tell the Lord when I think things are not going right—and he may not notice it," she ended with a shaky laugh. "Coming here to see you is terrible enough without my consenting for you to go to Mr. Mullins."

But they seemed to be people with minds of their own, and took responsibility for their own actions. Accordingly they came to the Mullins' home that night and earnestly pled with him to go to see the Newton Centre people if he was invited to do so. He agreed to this, but would not consent to serious consideration of going to the church as a candidate for the pulpit.

Isla May listened and smiled and took no part, for somehow she had assurance that God was handling things.

It was not many days following this that an invitation came to Mr. Mullins simply to supply the next Sunday for the Newton Centre Church. As he had promised the Hoveys to do this in case an invitation came, and also from appreciation for the recommendation of his New York friend, he sent an acceptance of the invitation from the church and went, was entertained in a charming home and found the church building the most beautiful he had seen in America, while the church people were of the highest grade intellectually and socially. The young Southerner enjoyed the artistic and intellectual setting, and preached with perfect freedom, for all the time he said to himself, "This is simply a temptation set before me. I must keep at the task to which God appointed me." They did not talk with him about the pastorate, and of course he could not mention the subject, but he learned inadvertently just as he was leaving that they would consider the matter of calling someone at the mid-weekly prayer meeting.

He went home in a quiescent frame of mind. There was no need of agonizing prayer for he was so sure that God had already pointed out the path to him.

When he reached home and had told his wife all the charming things about his visit, he added, "I shall let them know they must not consider me, for I cannot accept; this decision to let them know beforehand has grown upon me ever since I left them."

She looked away without a word and her heart was heavy. Seeing her disappointment and remembering they were one, he said affectionately, "I won't send a wire till the last minute, though, for I am in God's hands, you know."

A day, two days passed without any change of heart on his part, and then he said, "I must send my wire," and she did not need to ask again what its import would be.

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This was the message: "I beg that you will not consider me for the vacancy in your pulpit. I appreciate your having had me to preach for you and, while you may not have thought of me for the pastorate, I feel I should let you know that I must continue in the work to which I have been called."

Mr. Mullins was ever an optimist, as has already been seen. He, by no means, shared his wife's complete discouragement over the Foreign Mission experiment. There would be a way to work out an adjustment that would be satisfactory all around. Taking the fine Christian spirit of R. J. Willingham and his own desire to do whatever was absolutely right, he could not imagine any friction between them. The right adjustment would unfold just as surely as the sun rose. It simply had to be worked out with patience and prayer.

But the old assurance for groping humanity always obtains: God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

It so happened that the telegram Edgar Young Mullins sent the Newton Centre Church, which would have prevented a call to him, miscarried and reached the town, which was a residential, not a business place, too late for delivery that night. The church met in business session and cordially but formally called the young Southern preacher to its pastorate!

When the wire reached him at the breakfast table, the young man laid it down in amazement.

"But they must have had my telegram,—why should they call me? I will simply reply that I must stand by my original decision."

But before this could be done conveniently, for there were still no telephones in general use, another telegram arrived saying: "Your wire delayed. Not received until after church meeting. A refusal now from you would greatly disturb our people, who always act carefully, and did so this time with assurance of your accep-

tance, which though assumed, was not without foundation. For the sake of the great work represented here we hope you will accept our call."

This wire at last disturbed the equanimity of Edgar Young. He went to George Hovey and talked the matter over with him. Dr. Hovey was unfaltering in his belief that a refusal would be most harmful to one of the finest churches in the country, North or South. "They do no slip-shod thinking, and once a thing is settled, they expect to go quietly forward. That is a bit of New England rigidity, you know," he laughed. He also went over the opportunities in the pastorate there. Newton Theological Institution was located there, the church fostered it with great pride. The young men of the school went largely to Newton Centre Church, and there was the best opportunity in the world to impress them with Foreign Mission enthusiasm, a thing always needed. The Young Women's Training School was located there and the Home for the Children of Foreign Missionaries. He could not be in a more congenial or stimulating atmosphere. Then again, there was wealth to be influenced, a thing never to be despised, and besides all these considerations there was the most stimulating intellectuality in the church that could be imagined. With Harvard, Wellesley, Brown, right at hand, and Yale and Vassar not far away, every man and woman, almost without exception, was college bred. "Why, you will preach yourself far and away ahead of anything you have ever done," Dr. Hovey ended playfully.

As the earnest young man, who, if he knew his own heart, wanted to do nothing but the will of God, turned the matter over and over in his thought and carried it agonizingly in prayer, he finally found peace along the line he least expected it. There had been an intervention of his own will, through miscarriage of the telegram—providential it must have been, but it compromised his

integrity if he did not accept the call which the church had been allowed to make to him. A thing settled was settled with E. Y. Mullins, and he did not worry about it afterward, wondering if he had done what was right. He told his wife that he would accept the call to the Newton Centre Church, and how her heart sang! Then he told Dr. Willingham and the Board of the call and his acceptance, together with the circumstances. Both were astonished and grieved, but saw the force of the situation which had caught him and were quiescent.

Little did he or they imagine that all this had happened because E. Y. Mullins, the servant of God, must go into Arabia for awhile. It will be seen how definite was God's planning here.

There was a trip to be made at once to Texas in the interest of the Board's work and it was decided that Mr. Mullins should make this trip, not only as a last service for the Board, but also that he might visit his parents before going to the far east. So the trip began about the second week of February, 1896. It was to cover about three weeks.

CHAPTER VIII

THE NIGHT OF SORROW

The little boy, Wheeler, was three months past seven. He seemed so big to his mother, wanted to climb fences wherever he found them, rode his tricycle furiously up and down the street and took on big-boy ways surprisingly; though there was always a gentleness about him, and he loved indoor things, such as drawing and painting, cutting out things, etc. He had marvelous skill with scissors and paper, making wonderful houses, street cars and furniture.

Just before Mr. Mullins' start away on the long trip south, Dr. and Mrs. George Hovey were invited to take dinner at the Mullins' home. It was a very pleasant occasion, indeed, for the two couples had now so much in common with the Mullins' going to live at the Hovey's old home, and they found much to talk and laugh about. Wheeler was a most interested listener, enjoyed especially the bright stories and jokes that were told, and feeling a legitimate part of the occasion, he began most naturally to tell his little joke.

"Father," he said, "likes to tease mother sometimes, and he came home one day and told her he had a very bad piece of news for her. Mother was surprised and asked what it was, then he told her he had read that very day that Irish potatoes were not wholesome. Mother loves them, you know," he finished timidly. He had begun with good spirit, but when everybody began to laugh most hilariously over the "wholesome" he grew embarrassed, but bravely finished his story.

The Hoveys were delighted with him and wrote to the Newton Centre friends that a great addition to the attractions of the Mullins' family was a beautiful little boy of rare charm. The mother had a way at this time of standing at the window mornings as her two started off, the father to the office, the little boy to kindergarten; and, as they went down the street, she loved to see the small legs stretching to make the same stride father did, and the two were strikingly alike in their free, graceful swing. She could see them until they parted with a good-bye kiss, and the little boy turned off to go to his school only a few squares away.

When father went on this last long trip to far-away Texas, Wheeler was greatly interested because he would see Grandfather and Grandmother Mullins, a joy yet in store for the boy. He followed father along each day to the journey's end and then wrote him a lengthy letter, in real writing. At the last of it he seemed a little tired and listless, but he finished it, and mother put it in an envelope, let him address it, and got it off promptly. Little did she dream how it would come back some weeks later.

The fatigue which she had noticed in Wheeler grew, and she soon found there was fever. The doctor was sent for and he pronounced it a slight digestive disturbance. There was a day and night of discomfort, and the next morning when the doctor came he pronounced the little boy better and gave directions for the day. His mother sat down for a moment after the doctor left and took up the morning paper. She had not read five minutes, however, when something made her look around at the little boy, perhaps because he had said nothing. One look and she flew to her feet, called to the maid to get a doctor, any doctor, and took her place beside the dying child, for the heart had suddenly failed and he was indeed beyond help. As the mother stood there a little song that he had learned at kindergarten, was on his lips, "I live for

those who love me, for those who know me true." A few lines came softly and then trailed off into eternity. Before the spirit quite passed a strange thing happened for the mother: beside her stood the Master himself, gently waving her away! It was a spiritual vision, but so well-defined that years have not dimmed it and eternity will confirm it. February 20, 1896, was the date of the little boy's going.

Richmond poured out its heart of kindness for the bereaved young mother, alone in her great sorrow. But she only smiled and said she was not alone, which no one could understand, but which did not lessen the flow of loving thoughtfulness during the five days which she must wait before the coming of husband and father. It took some time to reach him by wires which promptly went in various directions, and which were finally read by the father and grandfather as they sat together by the home fireside, each having received a telegram at the same time. They looked up at one another without speaking. And so the greatest blow of his life fell upon Edgar Young Mullins.

He made his way home to Richmond as quickly as possible. During the trip, a long one in those days, he had abundant time to pour his heart out to the Master and receive the balm without which he simply could not have lived, for Edgar Young Mullins was built that way. He must adjust things with his God or life was not endurable.

So it happened that when the two, whose lives had been made one, came together it was with quiet consideration the one for the other, and there were no tears.

The details of burial had necessarily already been arranged. They were leaving Richmond almost immediately to live elsewhere, and it did not seem to the mother that it would be best to bury there, though kind offers were innumerable, and her thought went

back to the baby in Baltimore. Almost immediately a wire came from Mr. Mitchell, the father of Rosa, the little boy's devoted mate who had died two years before. "Bring him here and lay him beside Rosa and the baby."

This was arranged for, and the day following the father's return, just at dawn, the small procession started for the train to Baltimore. The mother had developed quite high fever during the night and her going was out of the question, so she watched from a window a last time as a small white hearse bore the little body away.

She was ill two weeks, but preparations for the move must go on, for they had promised to be in the new pastorate by the latter part of March.

The tenderness, the thoughtfulness of friends throughout these preparations were unspeakable. When the household goods had all been shipped and only empty rooms faced them, empty beyond measure because of the little spirit that had taken its flight, they went to the Willingham's to stay for a few days. No more comforting refuge could have been found the world over. The quiet peace of the home, the underlying sympathy, deep but unspoken, the chastened good cheer, were things to remember for a lifetime. A house which held nine children, ranging from the age of twenty-one to a year! How could such a household present the sweet refuge described? But one answer is possible to such a question —the mother. In the morning at the rising hour some young voice would softly start a song, another would catch it up a little more strongly, perhaps bringing in the alto tones; then another and another would add its chiming notes, bringing in a tenor or a bass, till from every corner of the house came the soft cadence of some lovely old hymn. A more pleasing ushering in of a new day cannot be imagined. This morning song was a true indicator of the

harmony of the Willingham home. There was mutual helpfulness and consideration for others all along the line from the age of twenty-one to the little one-year-old. An evening comes back to memory. The young man of the house was in full evening dress; the baby fretted, having a small woe of which it would like to tell. The young man was the only one within hearing; at once he went to the child upon the bed and met its little needs. No calling of a sister or the mother—he quickly and skilfully gave it attention. Obedience was the cornerstone of that family. When Mrs. Mullins said to Mrs. Willingham that the obedience and helpfulness of her children exceeded anything she had ever seen, and asked how it had come about, the reply was, "Through necessity! How would we ever live in any sort of peace and harmony without these two family qualities?" And the serenity of her face was a confirming record of victory.

With love that never ended the two families parted on March 16, 1896.

CHAPTER IX

IN ARABIA

On March 18, 1896, the train bearing the Mullins family, husband, wife and wife's mother, rolled into Newton Centre about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was a white world they found, glistening in the late sun. There was the jingle of sleigh bells on the frosty air and as the train stopped, three eager-faced men came into the car and greeted them warmly. They were deacons of the church, Mr. Dwight Chester, Mr. Stephen Greene and Mr. H. H. Kendall. The three strangers were taken in charge individually by a deacon and found themselves each in a cutter flying over the snow-clad hills. It was not a long ride, however, to Mr. Chester's home, who had kindly taken them in for their first weeks in the new pastorate. With the consideration that ever marked the dealings of that church with its pastor, this charming place had been chosen because death had recently entered it and taken an only son. The mother was away with the daughter for change and recuperation; the father, an important business man, was away in Boston all day, so the bereaved pastor's family would find the house with its servants to attend to every need, a quiet, restful place—which they did with gratitude unceasing. Arrived at the house on that day, the three were escorted upstairs and ushered into adjoining rooms on the second floor. What beauty and thoughtfulness awaited them! With snow and frost outside the fragrance of roses filled their quiet quarters.

They had left tenderness and love in Richmond, they found it in almost equal measure in the new home. Expectation had

been eager with regard to the little boy after the Hoveys had written so engagingly of him, and the grief of the church people over his death was very real and tender. The whole church wanted to do something for the newcomers to show their constant remembrance, and never was kindness more delicately bestowed upon an incoming pastor and his family. There were things that were hard, such as the great reception for the new pastor a few days after the arrival. The church was built after St. Marks, and besides the spacious auditorium there was the annex with ample lecture room, adjacent class recesses, ladies' parlors, all of which could be thrown together in a most spacious and attractive audience room. This was attractively decorated with flowers and plants, and the three deacons, Mr. Chester with Mr. Mullins upon his arm, Mr. Greene with Mrs. Mullins and Mr. Kendall with the lovely white-haired mother, escorted the new-comers in, and all took their places in the receiving line. There was a large gathering of the church people, and guests from the other churches in the town; also prominent Baptists from Boston and surrounding towns, and the occasion was one of dignity and quiet social enjoyment. The hearts of the three could but respond, though one of the fine women of the church whispered in the ear of Mrs. Mullins when she found occasion:

"This is the doing of the men. The women would never have asked it of you!"

But the three were quietly ready for the new duties and did not wish or intend to shirk anything. They received the kindnesses of their people with cordial response and were the better for urgent duties which they wanted to meet. Mrs. Alvah Hovey took the young wife's hand after they had been there a week or two and said, "I see. You did not come to lay your trouble upon us. You are bravely bearing it yourselves without a flicker." When the

first Christmas came round, however, there was evidence that nobody had forgotten. How it was ever managed the three never knew, but the house was filled with beautiful flowers. They were everywhere. But oh, the poignancy of that first Christmas without the little boy never faded from memory!

The church was most inspiring for Edgar Young Mullins from the moment of his arrival. Here was a large body of earnest believers, a people of culture, refinement and marked ability. Not a man in the church that was not capable of holding office, of administering the affairs of any committee. So capable, indeed, they were, that the difficulty was in keeping all the capable and ready-for-action men occupied. There had to be constant routine changes in office for the laymen in order to keep the large number in close touch with the affairs of the church. Of the women the same could be said. There were so many capable and consecrated women that the work, as organized among them, went forward with the smoothness and perfection of a highly administered graduate school. That Mrs. Alvah Hovey, founder of the Woman's Missionary Society of the East with headquarters in Boston, and Mrs. Lucy W. Waterbury, afterwards Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, one of the most distinguished church women in the world, were of the church is enough to say.

Isla May, after seven years of downtown work at Baltimore, and the varied experience at Richmond with its tragic ending, felt that she had come to a divinely-given haven of rest. That she was not needed in the ladies' work goes without saying, nor in the Sunday school, for it functioned each Sabbath morning with the beauty and precision of a carefully rehearsed program. All she had to do was to see things move with charmed efficiency. She made one serious mistake, however. Mrs. Hovey was president of the missionary organization for women of the church, and at the

first annual meeting after the arrival of the new pastor, his wife was honored by being chosen as first vice-president. She accepted with appreciation—and inner assurance that it would call for no service. But, alas! Dr. and Mrs. Hovey went immediately on a trip to the Holy Land and were gone nine months. There was consternation and inner humiliation and a lesson for life: never to take any position whose duties she did not expect to perform. But the wind was tempered for the shorn lamb; it was late spring when the president left, the summer months were inactive and everything was so well-planned ahead that, beyond consultations over a few matters, the duties of the vice-president were light.

As husband and wife talked over the church one day, Edgar Young said suddenly, "This must certainly be my wonderful flock of sheep I dreamed of in Baltimore!" They agreed upon this. But that it was going to be an easy place to fill did not once find deceptive lodgment in Mr. Mullins' mind. He knew from the very first that he must put every ounce of intellectual strength he had in his sermonizing, and bring forward every bit of tact and administrative ability he could summon from the far resources of his complex mind and heart to win and hold the position of leadership, without which he could never for a moment be content in this remarkable pastorate.

Work, work, was the watchword with him, while the young wife drifted for a time on the sweet sense of rest and care and lovely attention which enveloped her in a softly tinted cloud of kindness. There was for her only one strenuous necessity: to keep abreast of those swiftly developing, upward-reaching sermons. She could not afford to miss one in its process of preparation, in its final spick-and-span readiness and then in the crucial moment of its delivery. The method of sermonizing which had become fixed with Mr. Mullins was the complete writing out of the morn-

ing sermon, to make for accuracy and finish of style, together with the sure grasping of its every polished point for free delivery; then, the night sermon was completely thought out but only set down in notes, that he might have exercise in spontaneous expression and the benefit of impromptu inspiration.

Newton Centre was dubbed "Boston's Best Bedroom," and the pseudonym fitted perfectly. A most beautiful spot it was, the handsome residences dotting the hillsides and spreading over the central valley. The Baptist church stood in a fine group of trees, inviting passers-by from a well-located corner, sequested yet convenient. The men of the town did business in Boston, going in on the train in the morning, and coming out at night in the same way. This was over thirty years ago, before the advent of the automobile into general use. At the station, then, there were phaetons, carriages, traps, all sorts of horse-drawn vehicles to take the business men to and from their homes. The station was in the centre of the town and made an attractive gathering place mornings and late afternoons with cheery, neighborly greetings from one to another. There was no business going on in this best bedroom, except in a few necessary stores. There must be a meat market and grocery store, a confectionery, a drug store and one or two general merchandise establishments. A central business block supplied practically all these firms. As for the poor, they were not to be found in this choice little city. Not that they were taboo; they would have been welcomed, but there were no houses for their occupancy, no small businesses in which they might engage. It was unique as a place to live, and proved a grateful contrast to the strenuous seven years in downtown Baltimore.

The new minister and his wife found a little nest of a home with peaked roofs and dormer windows, and a wooded hillside

beyond with spring flowers just coming. But the most wonderful part of their location was that the house backed against the one occupied by Mrs. Lucy W. Waterbury, now Mrs. Peabody, who has already been mentioned. She shall be called here Mrs. Waterbury for the sake of old times. A few palings were ripped off the fence which divided them, and the going and coming through this opening was the most delightful and comforting thing the little family had at that time. She told the young pastor if he ever got "low" on missionary enthusiasm just to come through the fence opening, and she would agree to furnish him with a fresh supply. This was no light promise, though given with the social charm that always marked Mrs. Waterbury. She had been for years a missionary to India, being obliged to abandon her work there upon the sudden death of her husband and bring back her two little ones for help and care in the home country. But God makes no mistakes. He brought her back and set her in staid New England, a wonderful flaming missionary torch of brilliant hues and soft appealing tints that threw its enticing beacon light over all the sober East, then reached over to New York and enlisted the wealth and ability hidden there; finally, during the Women's Jubilee year, extending the country over with its alluring warmth and revelation, crossing the ocean many times and linking the world in missionary zeal and effort. This is the career that was in its first brilliancy when the Southern pastor and his wife came in contact with it.

A more stimulating, delightful, spiritual and homey neighbor could not have been found, for Mrs. Waterbury was not in any sense ethereal. She was a very human, charming woman. There were excitements in the two households when new hats were bought and bargains in spring gowns displayed. But just as exciting times when she ran through the fence opening and begged of

Isla May some rhymes for her *Woman's Foreign Missionary Magazine*. She would laugh and say that she ordered them from the young Southerner by the yard! Mrs. Waterbury was executive head of the Woman's Foreign Missionary work of the East, and editor of its publications; and so, while resting in the thought of perfectly organized church work for women, and children in Sunday school, with no poor who needed thinking about and struggling over, Mrs. Mullins found her pen ready and wrote stories, poems and leaflets for the Northern women's work. It was also at Mrs. Waterbury's earnest suggestion that she wrote her first little book, *Side by Side,* 1898.

The delight of having this stimulating friend so near at hand was not to be for long, however, though later she came just across the street from them when they lived in another home, and found themselves opposite the Training School for Young Women with Mrs. George at its head. Mrs. George and Mrs. Waterbury had been missionaries together in India, and the school and neighbors across the street were most fortunate indeed to be identified with these two fine spirits. How the Mullins family came to locate there is an interesting story which shall now be told.

A lovely thing happened to the newcomers at the end of the first summer. Mr. Mellen Bray, a millionaire member of the church, with a tender, loving nature that he did not show to everyone, took these two strangers into the innermost recesses of his heart, and he built them a tasteful and substantial home. They went up into the wonderful Green Mountains of New Hampshire for a first summer vacation, and when they came back the home was shown to them, ready for occupancy. Oh, such a lovely new home, with windows in abundance in the living room; a quiet study with light and ventilation just right and an open fireplace—a study

cut off or included in the first floor plan, and all to himself! Heretofore there had been "combinations" and not the complete seclusion longed for by Edgar Young Mullins. It was a dream realized, and Mr. Bray's thoughtful care was not in vain. The young preacher gave dividends on that investment, even though, now that Mr. Bray has been long gone to the heavenly country, it may be said that he sent no rent bills to his pastor. It is a delight to linger over this ideal home, a "cottage" set in a wide, sweeping veranda, delightful windows of varying sizes, three floors with abundant space,—even for a little den all her own for the wife. Then the beautiful papers on each room and hall with dainty, sheer curtains everywhere, made it seem like living in a fairy flower house. This was the delightful outward setting that fell to the lot of E. Y. Mullins when he left Richmond and went to the cold North.

Every New England town or village has its celebrities, and usually some point of historical interest. S. F. Smith, author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty," was a member of the Newton Centre Church, and died only a short time before the young pastor took charge. His widow still lived in the old home. She was a colonial portrait come to life, with her golden-white curls and lace headdress, her pink cheeks and her fine, black gown. But there was no stately manner to match the old-time portrait. Instead she was all warmth and glow. She claimed the new minister as a son, and treated him with such affectionate sympathy and understanding that it was a joy to go there. With the young wife she loved to talk over the days when she, too, was a pastor's helpmeet. She gave both substantial tokens of her genuine affection.

Another Newton Centre celebrity was Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who electrified and comforted thousands upon thousands after the

Civil War with her "Gates Ajar." She was a woman of most unusual attainment and intellectual ability with a fine, high-bred face, snow-white hair and a picturesque manner of dressing that utterly disregarded prevailing styles. Her home had been purposely built beyond earshot of any rooster's crow and she really was a recluse, making no calls and rarely having guests in her home. But she went to see the new pastor and his wife to tell them that the softly appealing chimes in the Baptist church belfry gave her her Sunday morning devotions, and to invite them to visit her—a rare privilege indeed. The chimes were placed in the church tower during Mr. Mullins' pastorate in memory of S. F. Smith—the first tune ringing out over the town on a wonderful snowy day being "America."

There should be a little more characterizing of the intellectual side of the town to indicate fully just the sort of environment in which these two Southerners found themselves. There was a prevailing correctness of speech that put to shame some of the Southern carelessness of more than a quarter of a century ago, a thing which was the outgrowth, perhaps, of what might be called old colored "Mammy" rearing. Dear little inaccuracies of speech caught from them sometimes persisted for life. Association with the cultured folk of Newton Centre brought them to light and ran them to cover! This was true, at least, with the new minister's wife. She mended her fences as fast as possible, and looked around furtively for other indications. These were rapidly revealed to both husband and wife. They found that everybody in town was quietly studying something. Mr. Bray, their gracious millionaire friend, with tremendous business interests, was found on his porch late one afternoon with a book in his hand. He said he was making a study of the Puritan period in English history. A man over sixty who might be supposed to relax completely after a strenuous day in

town! S. F. Smith was busy studying the Russian language at past eighty when death overtook him. An elderly woman was working hard over Spanish because she was interested in missions in Mexico and expected to go there to see things for herself. A retired gentleman of great wealth was studying painting and, late in life, producing creditable pictures. These, and many more such instances which might be cited, were part of the make-up of the Baptist church. Isla May looked around in some panic, not knowing just where to begin in the matter of study—there were so many gaping possibilities. But, remembering that American history had been omitted in her Southern college course because, after the war, Southerners were not pleased with histories which included the Civil War and were written by Northerners, and yet were too poor to publish any of their own make, she decided on American history for her first course. In her haste to mend up this fence, she took a child's history that she might rapidly get basic facts in mind.

The atmosphere of the town was one of acquirement of all kinds. The arts were not omitted. There were most charming musicales given in some of the spacious homes, and Boston's literary lights were often brought out for social evenings with readings and questionnaires. In fact a more well-balanced program for sane and cultured and spiritual living could hardly be imagined than that which obtained in Newton Centre. There was no absorption in things social, but they had their place. Business did not exclude normal, wholesome life; sports were not forgotten—and the young minister was promptly presented with membership in the golf club, taking his initiation on the Newton Centre Golf Course. There was a large and wisely administered Woman's Club, which endeavored to bring into its membership every woman in the town that she might have advantage of this opportunity for growth. Last, but not least by any means, the church was never neglected.

Any church task was done with all the fidelity of a matter of business involving millions.

So this was the intellectual setting into which E. Y. Mullins fitted when he left Richmond, Virginia, for cold New England.

The character of the men of his membership has been partially indicated: they were at the head of big business in Boston and often reaching out over the country at large in their activities. They were also brainy, keen-witted listeners of sermons! Then, upon picturesque Institution Hill rested the stately buildings of Newton Theological Institution, the oldest Baptist theological seminary in America. Within its classrooms sat learned professors, who on Sunday mornings went down to hear the young preacher from the South. Dr. Hovey, president, and rare scholar, benign personality, big and warm-hearted—how sweet it is to remember his fine loyalty and appreciation for his pastor! The other professors were kindly, courteous gentlemen, who largely let the interloper guess as to their reactions! The women have been presented sufficiently.

CHAPTER X

INTELLECTUAL FLOWERING

With keen penetration E. Y. Mullins saw the challenge of his new environment in all its ramifications and never did his courage falter. He knew that he must *know* his church as nobody else knew it, from its topmost man to the humblest; that he must X-ray its official organization and understand its every department as no one else did; that he must vision possibilities of growth and spiritual culture of which none of them had dreamed; that he must keep a league ahead of them in everything if the heavens fell, and that he must do all these things without letting anyone know he was doing them.

How he studied, how he worked, how he put out his acquisitory tentacles and drew to himself intellectual treasures from every source, though he never for a moment lost his grip upon the Book of books! How he builded upon what he already knew, how the benign spiritual messages of leisurely Harrodsburg came back to rest his mind and at the same time to quicken anew spiritual impulses! How the rigid, clarifying processes of Baltimore laid sure foundations for unity and progressive treatments; but, oh, how the new challenge brought freedom now for intellectual flowering and inspirational flight! He quietly and steadily grew, as week after week passed, and the response from his people was equally quiet but warm and satisfying. He preached expository sermons at times that were a special delight. One series on the book of Hebrews is definitely recalled.

At the end of the first year he needed rest and refreshment and his wife felt that he must have it. So a trip abroad was planned for six weeks, from the middle of July to the first of September. Again there was not money enough for two, but Mrs. Mullins and her mother remained contentedly in their beautiful surroundings while he made the voyage to England and back. It was not travel that he sought, but the quiet of the ocean trips, and leisurely weeks in London that he might come to know that wonderful city of the old world, together with its environs.

On a Sunday morning after he had started on this voyage, and it was time for him to land at Southampton, Mrs. Mullins went to church as usual and was greeted with all the kindness to which she was accustomed. But this morning it took on a quality of serious tenderness that made her heart question, and an unanalyzed foreboding to settle upon her. Late that afternoon the matter was made clear to her. Mr. Chester, always the beloved deacon, came and told her that the New York papers of Saturday afternoon carried the news that Mr. Mullins' steamer was on fire and might not make the shore. He had secured later news Sunday afternoon that the vessel had gotten safely into port.

Mr. Mullins told of the experience when he came home. For twenty-four hours the fire raged in the hold, sailors combatting it by turns—remaining a short time and then being quickly drawn back lest they suffocate. During the twenty-four hours they were in constant jeopardy, any moment the flames might get beyond control and then nothing could save them. But God intervened, as he had in many instances in Mr. Mullins' life of unusual experiences with death confronting him. Before they landed the passengers had made up a generous purse, and gathered together, they saw the captain divide it and give to each of the faithful sailors his portion as they passed along in line.

Mr. Mullins came back from his trip abroad refreshed and enthusiastic for his work again. The previous year had not been one of all study; the mornings gave the hours of grind, but in accordance with his program as first mapped out, much time had been given to knowing his people. The afternoons were for visiting, and frequently the evenings meant social contacts for himself and wife. With every faculty alert, these afternoons and evenings were most rewarding. On quiet visits in homes he came to know that parents almost universally were anxious about their children. There had been no ingatherings of consequence in the church for years, and all the membership were agreed that they did not care for ordinary revival methods. They absolutely abhorred the idea of their children coming into the church through excitement. An idea fixed in the New England mind is fixed. They wanted no revival. The pastor in return antagonized nobody. People had a right to think as they were led to by observation and inner consciousness. He thought and prayed. The children of his flock were going rapidly up toward or into their teens, enjoying Sunday school but none offering themselves for baptism and church membership.

As the fall came on an announcement appeared in the church calendar to the effect that the pastor would be glad to see any of the children or young people of the congregation, from four to five o'clock on Tuesday afternoons at the church study. So quietly it was made that its full import did not filtrate at first. But to go back a little in the history of Mr. Mullins at Newton Centre, about a week after the new pastor had come he had been asked to entertain the children for a while at an evening gathering for them in the lecture room. He had therefore stood smilingly before them with a book in his hand—not forgetting how he had held it for the little boy who had taken flight, but because of that

with his heart tender forever for children. He opened the book and began to read to them from "Uncle Remus." Charmed? They were carried away, and begged for more and more. One little girl informed her mother when she returned home, "We've got a splendid pastor now!" Some of them had heard or read "Uncle Remus" before, but they had never heard a Southerner read from him.

This gave the pastor a vital touch with the young at the outset, and his tact and love for children had cemented it. Children came to those Tuesday afternoon appointments, and they did not have to be coerced. They were surprisingly mature small thinkers, and had questions they had been saving up to talk to somebody about, and it did not seem at all difficult to talk with Mr. Mullins about anything they wanted to know. This went quietly on through the winter, the children of various ages going till they were satisfied in their questionings. None of them had been urged to do anything, but the pastor and they had secrets, so to speak. They had talked together of things sacred to both.

As spring came on the pastor asked his deacons what they thought of having two quiet weeks of evening services in the church lecture room, the pastor giving simple talks on Christian fundamentals, distinctive Baptist beliefs, with devotional evenings sprinkled in, and quiet requests of parents to bring their children with them. They readily agreed, but were not enthusiastic. However, an agreement with that people meant fulfillment, and the church was loyal from the first evening. The lecture room was full, and the young of the church were there. A surprise came when the pastor announced that his wife had an old school friend, Mrs. R. L. McCalley of Alabama, visiting her, and he was going to ask Mrs. McCalley to sing a hymn for them. "She will play her own accompaniment," he smiled, and stepping out he led Mrs.

McCalley to the organ. A thoroughly trained voice the singer had, charming with its soft, full notes and inspirational in its rare spiritual quality. With ease and grace she took her place at the organ, then she sang one of the great, yet simple old hymns, "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," with its tender, spiritual appeal. There were tears in every eye. The preacher gave his quiet, effective talks and the singer sang her beautiful old hymns every evening, except Saturday, for two weeks; and, as the invitation was given for public professions of faith in Christ, the young people went promptly forward until hardly a young person of the congregation remained outside the church fold. Over forty of them had come, and the baptismal services were wonderful, spiritual scenes. No church was ever happier, or more grateful, for the pastor's wisdom and success in handling for them a most difficult problem. As for the Southern singer, she completely won the hearts of this gracious people, and wherever she appeared she was besieged for a song. They loved particularly the negro nursery songs, which she sang with perfect dialect and haunting sympathy.

There had long been an agreement between the pastor and Mrs. McCalley, Isla May's lifelong friend, that sometime they would hold a meeting together.

For the third vacation at Newton Centre Mr. and Mrs. Mullins had a trip down Buzzard's Bay to the summer home of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mellen Bray. They had a delightful stay there, with everything informal and homey, with lovely voyages in their host's steam launch, with wonderfully picturesque natural surroundings and handsome "cottages," including the Summer White House of President Cleveland across the way, to look at and feast upon. They went back refreshed with the friendly fellowship and nature's silent ministration. Later in the summer there was another well-remembered outing to the little summer nest of

Mrs. Waterbury on the Massachusetts coast. There they had a feast of world-wide interests. So the third year swung round into winter again.

During the winter a thing happened that did not seem of especial significance at the time, only a pleasant renewal of past acquaintance. Mrs. William E. Hatcher of Richmond, Virginia, was a trustee of Hartshorn College, a school in Richmond for young colored women, which had been built and largely maintained by a member of the Newton Centre Baptist Church. The trustees were meeting in Providence, Rhode Island, and Mrs. Hatcher came on to Newton Centre to visit Mr. and Mrs. Mullins. She included a Sunday in her visit and was greatly impressed by the beauty of the church building, and enthusiastic over the very evident high character of the membership. Lingering a few days, her fine impressions grew, and perhaps it may be that she took appraising note of her host! Be that as it may.

Now, at the time of Mrs. Hatcher's visit to the Newton Centre pastor, the Baptists of the South were in a ferment over the "Whitsitt controversy." It was discussed somewhat during her visit and she found where her host stood in the matter. Indeed, his stand was no secret, for he had written two or three articles on the subject, which were published in the *Religious Herald*. But, being out of the South for several years and so young a man in the ministry, they might well have been little noted.

In June there was another happening of significance. Dr. Alvah Hovey completed fifty years of service at Newton Theological Institution that spring. A suitable and most highly deserved celebration was arranged. There were representatives from all the other Baptist ministerial schools in the country coming to take part in the program. The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary was not omitted, and Dr. F. H. Kerfoot was its representa-

tive. Mr. Mullins asked to entertain him and the guest arrived one extremely hot day. New England never does things halfway. She can give a most thorough-going winter and a most charming summer and autumn, but she can also throw in some early summer days that are simply devastating with heat.

Dr. Kerfoot arrived on such a day and looked fairly "gory" with heat and train soot. He said to his hostess that he did not think he could ever look or feel respectable again. But a bath and long rest rejuvenated him, and his hostess gaily pronounced him fit and fine for his address that evening, June 7, 1899. After the return home from the Jubilee Services they sat on the broad veranda and the guest and his host plunged into a discussion of the Whitsitt controversy, Dr. Kerfoot holding that the Seminary president who had resigned May 11, 1899, had committed grave offenses; Dr. Mullins defending him. The discussion broadened and waxed warm and lengthened into the wee small hours. The next day Dr. Kerfoot had a wire of seeming significance and left hurriedly. Dr. Green of William Jewell College, Missouri, had been called to succeed Dr. Whitsitt. This call was followed by a refusal from Dr. Green on June 2. Things had been thus left for the Southern Seminary in an uncertain state; but a little later a called meeting of the trustees for June 29 at Atlanta, Ga., was announced.

CHAPTER XI

A STARTLING MESSAGE

The Newton Centre Church work was always absorbing, and the two Southerners, while they discussed Seminary prospects, were completely out of it all and attended to their own business. There came an afternoon, however, when Mr. Mullins was on a church visiting tour and Mrs. Mullins sat upon the front veranda. She was suddenly startled by a Western Union messenger boy. He handed her a telegram and she signed for it. It was addressed to Mr. Mullins, but with the complete comradeship of their lives, she at once opened it. A laconic message it proved to be.

"Congratulations. Send your photograph."

Prestridge.

What a puzzling thing it was! What could have happened to her husband? He was being considered for the pastorate of a prominent Philadelphia church she knew; but, if they had called him, the message would not have come to him in this way. No church would announce a call to a pastor through the public press. No. No! It was no call from any individual church that had come to him. It must have come from some general denominational source. Suddenly a thought flashed through her brain, impossible though it was. She flew into the house and looked at a denominational paper of the South and found a date, June 29! She needed an expletive. The Trustees of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary were meeting on that day to call a presi-

dent! It couldn't be possible—but then what else could it be? With astonishing audacity she settled it in her own mind.

When Mr. Mullins came along the walk, and then mounted the steps to the porch, her heart was beating like a wild thing and her cheeks were crimson. She couldn't wait for him to reach the top step. She cried—"You have been elected president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary!"

His amazement may be imagined, and then his derision when she had handed him the telegram. "Why, this does not say so. The idea is absurd!"

"But, wait," she cried again, "till your mind has gone over the thing as mine has. It can mean nothing else!" Then she showed him the date of the Trustees' meeting in the denominational paper. But by this time other telegrams were arriving and there could be no longer any doubt. The messages continued to come at intervals through the evening; and then, knowing that the telegraph office closed early, Mr. Mullins went down and asked, as he had on another occasion, to take charge of the wire until his messages ceased coming. The agent knew him well, smiled and gave him the wire. As E. Y. tuned in, as he had done in the old days when he was an operator, it was a bit awkward to catch signals correctly and get into the swing of things. Telegraphers are sensitive as their fingertips strike unexpected things. So, one lusty operator called back to the interloper, "Who in H—— are you, any way?" and the interloper chuckled as he replied, "Never you mind, just go ahead with your thunder." He soon got the hang of things, as he told his wife, and took message after message for himself, the very last being the official message from the Board of Trustees of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary calling him to its presidency.

It was twelve o'clock when he reached home and lay down to marvel upon the mysterious ways by which God's wonders are performed.

Had he, indeed, been sent into Arabia that this strange thing might be brought about?

Later, following threads as they came to him, he found that Dr. William E. Hatcher, of Richmond, Virginia, had had much to do with his call to the important position amazingly offered to him, and his wife pounced upon Mrs. Hatcher's visit to them as a revealing circumstance for Dr. Hatcher.

However, Dr. Carter Helm Jones, then pastor of Broadway Baptist Church, Louisville, suggested his name to a group of Seminary professors and Dr. Marvin, as they chanced to be together, and Dr. Henry W. Battle, long of Virginia, contributes this graphic account of his part in the matter:

I chanced to be stopping at a hotel in Richmond during an engagement with one of the churches. Early one morning, Dr. William E. Hatcher called at my room and asked me to take a ride with him, as he wished to talk with me about a matter of the greatest importance. We drove out to a favorite rendezvous of the Richmond pastors where we could be alone. He did not broach the subject until we had reached the park and were seated on one of the benches. He then said, in substance (for my memory, while distinct, and even vivid, in recalling events just as they occured, and, in many instances, the very language used, vouches for the substance rather than the exact form of the expression):

"I have brought you out here because you know our Baptist leaders, and it may be you can think of someone I have failed to find. You know we must find a man for the presidency of the Seminary, and I have looked for him day and night and I can't find him. The Whittsitt controversy has complicated everything, and nobody in the South with any convictions has failed to take sides. We must get our people together. Who is the man about whom all parties can rally as president of the Seminary? I can't find

him, and unless I find him today I will commit myself to the best man of the number we are considering, but there are serious objections, in existing circumstances, to them all." (I have a strong but vague impression that the man he had in mind was a South Carolinian, but I have lost all idea—if I ever knew—who he was.)

I sprang to my feet, stood before him, and almost shouted: "DR. HATCHER, I HAVE THE MAN!" "WHO IS HE?" he demanded. But instead of answering him directly, I described my man. I analyzed the situation, and my man as pictured met every requirement. Dr. Hatcher had become very much excited, and cried again and again: "Who is he? Name him! Name him!" At length he leaped from the bench, and, in threatening attitude exclaimed: "Battle, I vow I'll knock you down if you don't tell me right now who he is!" The psychological moment had come—I said: "E. Y. MULLINS." He sank back on the bench, and said, in a tone of intense self-reproach, "Why didn't I think of him! Of course! Of course! Let's go back!"

It will probably seem strange that I thought of Dr. Mullins upon the instant, and at the crucial moment. The human explanation is doubtless in the fact that but a short time before this I had returned from Boston with Dr. Mullins by boat. We were much together on this trip, and talked long and intimately on religious problems, especially as they existed within the bounds of the Southern Baptist Convention. Until then I had known him only by reputation and through the medium of his brilliant pen.

I am sure we must have talked of the Seminary, but I do not think he occurred to me as available for the presidency. In fact, that conviction came to me without premeditation for the first time when I declared it, in circumstances so unusual and dramatic, to Dr. Hatcher on that memorable morning. Had there been no opportunity for those seasons of mental and spiritual fellowship on shipboard that brought out Dr. Mullins' superb intellectuality, stalwart orthodoxy, and devotion to his native South, I, like Dr. Hatcher and the rest, would have overlooked him. There is a mental sequence there somewhere the psychologist may work out.

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BAPTIST SEMINARY

Another bit of information comes from Dr. E. J. Forrester, who says that after Mr. Mullins' name was presented at the called meeting of Seminary Trustees on June 29, 1899, Mr. C. B. Willingham of Georgia rose and said he had just returned from a visit to his brother, Dr. R. J. Willingham of Richmond, Virginia. They had talked of the presidency and "Bob" had said emphatically that "E. Y. Mullins would fill the bill." This was an effective statement. So, across the years comes a token of the esteem which the older secretary of the Foreign Mission Board felt for his young colleague.

There were perhaps other links in the chain of influence that brought E. Y. Mullins to the Seminary as president which must be left to historians to bring out.

That excitement reigned for a time in the beautiful cottage which they had come to love as home, goes without saying. And the keenest interest swept the town over the matter, for the Boston papers had headlines announcing the call next morning. No church people could have been more appreciative and considerate. They did not want to lose their pastor whom they loved—and the term "pastor" they affectionately clung to, although he had received his doctor's degree from Carson and Newman College; but they were proud of the honor that had come to him and knew the important life-work which opened before him. They would pass him on with loving, reverent hands.

But great things have their formalities. Governor Northern of Georgia was to come and give in person the call from the Board of Trustees. It so happened that his visit was timed for the Fourth of July, 1899. An intensely hot day it was, and in the early morning Mrs. Mullins conferred with her maid as to the state dinner for that night. Oh, woe, and consternation! It was Fourth of July and not a store in town open! There was nothing

in the family larder, for Fourth of July had been made little of in the South during this young housekeeper's experience, and such a thing as closing stores was unheard of; but the maid firmly assured her there was no chance to get a thing to eat that day from any store.

With chagrin immeasurable, but with seeming unconcern, Mrs. Mullins hummed a tune as she went up the stairs to her room, without a word to her husband or mother as to the tragedy. In a few moments she came down again with a sun hat on and said she was going up to the Mellen Brays.

She appeared there promptly, a very small and almost frightened person. Mrs. Bray met her cordially and the story of horror and chagrin was soon poured out. Before it was over Mr. Bray, who had been listening from the library, came walking in, and with the kindness only he knew just how to bestow, he said:

"I have heard every word, Mrs. Mullins. Now, you just go home and rest. I will attend to everything for you."

"But, Mr. Bray—"

"Never mind," he smiled, "just trust me."

And she did. Going home at once there was a brief conference with the maid and then peace reigned.

In an hour things began to arrive: a leg of lamb, a large juicy steak, several slices of ham, vegetables, cakes and a freezer of ice cream—enough to supply a hotel, Isla May thought. But she and the maid quickly stored things away lest suspicion be aroused. It should be said that Mr. Bray owned the business block in the town, he had gone in his carriage for proprietors and with them gathered up supplies, having them sent by a delivery man—and the husband and mother did not know for months of the near hospitable tragedy that had assailed the household. Then, at last, it was too good to keep.

The possibility of what really happened did not once enter Isla May's mind when she went to the Brays in her trouble. She just gravitated there because she loved them—and she thought maybe Mrs. Bray had something in her pantry.

As Mr. and Mrs. Mullins with her mother sat on their veranda in the late afternoon waiting for their guest, with the royal dinner simmering and perfecting, Governor Northern finally appeared coming along the walk toward the house. He was not met at the station because the hour of his arrival was not known. A modest man he was, but he seemed almost like one seeking a hiding place, with his coat buttoned tightly up the front that hot day, and a hand furtively pressed against it as though the coat might possibly open. He turned into the walk and his host hastened to meet him and introduce him to the waiting wife and mother. At the meeting with the ladies he could contain himself no longer:

"I hope you will excuse my appearance. It has been unbelievably hot and dusty on the train, my valise got side-tracked somewhere, and I find no stores are open on Fourth of July in this country."

Isla May had a secret gloating laugh over this, but each and all reassured him, telling him they had found what New England could do when it tried in the way of heat, and the host immediately had him on his way to a guest room where every convenience was at his hand.

A little later they gathered about the dinner table where the royal feast was spread, but nobody wanted to partake. The guest was really too weary, and the entertaining family too full of earnest thought, for Edgar Young Mullins had not yet found what God wanted him to do. They all retired early, and in the night a refreshing thunder storm made the world over.

As soon as breakfast was done, the Governor delivered his formal message, and then the discussion of every phase of the Southern Baptist situation began. This discussion was endless, for the messenger from the Board of Trustees of the Seminary wanted to carry back with him an unequivocal acceptance, but he had to leave with only the promise that E. Y. Mullins would go immediately to Louisville to confer with the Seminary professors there and would give his reply as promptly as possible.

How these two that were one discussed the problem that was before them! The wife said falteringly, "I know you can preach —that you have demonstrated, but have you the teaching gift?"

"I have never tested it, but I believe I can do it."

"Oh, but about the finances," she cried, and they laughed together as folks must to relieve the tension in times of stress.

"I know," he replied, "but I have managed our ten cent affairs without ever getting into debt—which is more than some can say."

She agreed and then cried again with laughter, "Why, we have a savings account book, you know!"

He joyfully remembered this too, and also how he had managed successfully the business affairs of Waverly Hall. Coming back earnestly, he added: "I do not know, of course, what I can do along that line, with so great a thing as the finances of the Seminary, but I do know this: if the Lord makes me see that this great and terrible responsibility is mine, I will put into it everything that is in me. For it is going to require just that. It is going to mean laying myself on the altar with all my resources, apparent and latent. What I do not now know how to do, I shall have to dig out with the sweat of my brow and the yielding up of soul and body in sacrifice."

How true a prophecy!

It is not given to anyone to look into the soul of another, but if there was any exultation in Edgar Young Mullins over the offer of the presidency of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary it was never apparent. There was hardly a moment's natural pride that so high an honor had come to him. From the first announcement he had clearly faced the stupendous task set before him. Had God called him to it? was the question which agonized his soul. He was not going to thrust himself into it because of the honor. He would talk with the professors available in Louisville, as he had promised Governor Northern, and reach out for God's will as he never had in his life before.

He started for Louisville, Ky., as quickly as he could, and while his wife waited with almost bated breath for his return, a thing of charming interest came to her. Dr. Edward Judson was supplying the pulpit the one Sunday while he was gone, and oh, what a joy it was to see and hear him once more, to tell him what he had meant to them, especially in the early days—how they had hung his portrait in imagination on their study wall and used him as their professor of the Art of Illustration. And how pleased he was in return, his tired face lighting up and clearing away the lines of age and care which rested there and made an ache in the heart of his old admirer. It was not a great while after that when he slipped into the heavenly country, his great heart, with its noble outreach for service to humanity, at rest.

The days went by with Edgar Young Mullins on the momentous trip to Louisville. Brief notes kept his wife posted as to his movements. For part of the time he had gone up into the bluegrass region of Kentucky to Dr. Sampey's country church for conference with him. At last he sent the wire that he was leaving for home. The day he was expected, though she did not know the hour, his wife sat on the veranda, hoping to see him come

walking up any moment, for the house was only a little way up the hill from the station, and they never thought of riding up. But at last a carriage stopped at the front and Mr. Mullins crept slowly out. She looked on petrified. Then he came swaying up the walk like a drunken man. She flew to him: "What is the matter? Are you sick?" tumbled out in consternation as she helped him along. He only nodded his head to the last; did not attempt to speak.

Without a word further, she helped him into the house, then slowly up the stairs into his room and, somehow, they got his clothes off and his distraught body into bed. Then she flew down to the maid and sent for the doctor. When he came he examined the patient, getting from him what details he was able to get from a man almost in delirium from excessive fever.

How he ever made the trip alone from Kentucky to Newton Centre the doctor could not see. But the patient said afterward that he held on to a thread of consciousness as a drowning man does to a straw. The doctor was not deceptive. Mr. Mullins was extremely ill. He would send a trained nurse immediately to take charge of him. So there was no knowing for days and days the result of that momentous trip to Kentucky. Neither did the wife care. It was enough to see him steadily improve after a few days, and they did not talk of the great problem until the nurse had gone and he was fully out of danger. Then he said with tears: "The task is mine—ours." And they wept together.

It is needless to tell the details of leaving, but Mr. Mullins put in every spare moment of the weeks that remained before they must go into studying Church History, for that was the department which he and the faculty had decided was best for him to take.

There was a farewell reception for them at the church and a purse presented with loving regrets and courageous God-speed. Before this Mr. Bray, always their devoted friend, gave each, the pastor and his wife, finely wrought gold watches and chains. But, with his usual reticence when it came to gifts, nobody must know about that.

At last they stood in empty rooms again, with Mrs. George of the Young Woman's Training School across the street, tenderly looking after their physical needs.

Just before leaving, Dr. William N. Clarke, professor of Theology at Colgate Theological Seminary, was in Newton Centre and they saw him. Mrs. Mullins had opportunity for a little talk with him alone. She told him of her fears that her husband might find teaching dull after the many years of joy in preaching. He smiled down at her and said, "I have tried both, and there is nothing in the world so stimulating as a group of young men studying for the ministry sitting before you and drinking in eagerly everything you say; while you, on your part, know that you are speaking to unseen thousands who will look to these men to give them the Bread of Life.

"I want you to do something for me," he ended. "After your husband has taught three weeks in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, I want you to write me a letter and tell me how he likes teaching."

He held out his hand, she put hers in it and made the promise.

As their train finally sped away with all the good-byes said, these two who were one had left their youth behind them. No more then can they be designated as the young preacher and the young wife, or with the informality of "Edgar Young" and "Isla May," in hidden apology for their immaturity. Together they had struggled and sorrowed and enjoyed, failed and succeeded. Several

times the young wife's feet had slipped and almost touched the other-world shores, but she and her mother had a pact between them that only death itself should interfere with the husband's work, and neither sickness nor sorrow had been allowed by any of the three to touch their spirits with any hint of blight. Mrs. Mullins' mother, Lydia Cobb Hawley, was a woman of gentle strength, good sense and unfailing helpfulness, a radiant blessing to the home of these two until the day of her death at 90 years.

But, to repeat, at this juncture of their lives—Newton Centre receding and Louisville drawing nearer every moment—youth was gone for the two. They were still in their thirties, born within a year of each other, but forty was at hand and it seemed they must have stepped over the line on that fateful journey. Incoming, however, was the crown of maturity with its new responsibilities, its new joys and sorrows, its new failures and successes. They were ready, courageous and expectant of blessing, for God had pointed the way.

CHAPTER XII

A GREAT TASK BEGUN

"Louisville," the train man had called, and there was Dr. Robertson, to greet and escort them to his home on Third Street, where his wife, Ella Broadus Robertson, her mother, the beloved Mrs. John A. Broadus, and Miss Eliza, received them warmly. May the day never come when some member of that wonderful family is not at Louisville to give a Seminary welcome. None other has just the flavor that comes from them.

The two or three days spent there were restful, homey and not to be forgotten. Then the furniture shipped from Newton Centre was at hand—had been moved into the Seminary president's home, and they went forth to set their house in order. It was a stately, ante-bellum home, with an imposing front of brown stone and dignified entrance with a stone balcony above. Three stories in height it was, and when the newcomers entered the front door the empty vastness of the place was appalling. How to make that broad hall, circling at the back for an artistic stairway, the tremendous library and the large reception rooms on the other side, the big dining room, all of which opened up appealingly—how to make these echoing, far-reaching spaces take on the charm of well-furnished completeness and satisfaction without an ante-bellum purse, and an ante-bellum retinue of servants to take care of it, was a problem! Their furnishings had been for a modern New England home, low-ceilinged, with windows of varied and attractive type. Their chairs, tables, desks, etc., looked like doll

things set in that house of vaulted ceilings, and the dainty draperies like lace pocket handkerchiefs held before the lofty windows of uniform type.

The house, too, was in much need of repair, and when the tiny things which constituted their furnishings were set about in the dingy emptiness, despair clutched the heart of the new mistress of the president's home. When Dr. Mullins came in to dinner, she said, "I can never make this house look respectable. Can't we rent it for a boarding house—so many of these old places are used that way—and we can rent a house suitable for us." Then she ended convincingly, "Dr. Sampey has been here and he said he thought we could."

A flash of firmness went over the face of her husband. "We have not come here to complain of things. Dr. Sampey has the kindest heart in the world, but we must accept the house provided for us."

Thus spoke the head of the house, and his wife was one who had promised to obey—and loved to.

Later Dr. Mullins told her, "Now, go ahead and get anything you think the house needs in the way of furnishings." So, as he later laughed and said, "he bought carpet by the acre," for the floors as originally laid down had had no conception of hard wood, and with the flight of years they were more like old-time corduroy roads.

But, with carpets everywhere and huge lace curtains softly draping the windows, even to the third floor; with furniture placed to best advantage and pictures hung, in ten days after their arrival in Louisville the house was thrown open for a reception after the service of installation of the new president. As Mrs. Mullins and her mother hurriedly unpacked suitable gowns for the occasion, it must be admitted that she felt a thrill of pride in the

transformation that had been so speedily brought about. Then, with the house brilliantly lighted to the third floor, as they stepped out and looked at it from the street, she exclaimed to her mother, "Don't we present a splendid front? It is the South that knows how to build a house!"

They entertained for several days, for distinguished men of the denomination had come for the installation of the new president of the Seminary. And thereafter followed such busy days that for a time the wife rarely saw her husband, or at least so she felt. There had been an unexpected change in the department which he would head. Dr. Kerfoot had tendered his resignation, and his department of Theology had to be taken care of. It was decided that Dr. Mullins should succeed him in Theology, and also as financial agent of the institution. All the intensive study of Church History which he had given in those last Newton Centre weeks went to waste, so to speak; but he had great aptitude for theology and he gratefully remembered that Dr. Franklin Wilson of Baltimore had prophesied that he would one day teach theology!

With all the new things to grasp, it was little wonder that his family only had glimpses of him, as they said. But several weeks from the time of the opening of school there came a day when he stood before his wife with scintillating eyes.

"It is the greatest thing in the world to teach eager young ministers," he exclaimed.

Then he went into detail of his hour with his theology class that afternoon, how the subject had gripped him heart and soul, how responsive the men had been, how they had counselled together over disputed points.

Mrs. Mullins smiled in joy and in remembrance of the promise she had made to Dr. Clarke. That night she wrote her letter to the great and kindly teacher of theology at Colgate. It was just

three weeks, she found, since her husband had begun to teach, and she told Dr. Clarke in detail of the report of that afternoon in his class. A reply came quickly; "I knew it," wrote Dr. Clarke; "this is just a foretaste of what is to come to your husband in his great opportunity for impressing young preachers."

An early and ever abiding compensation came to Dr. Mullins when he took up his work at the Seminary. He had not been allowed to go as a foreign missionary, but now, now, he could have part in sending out well-equipped young men in ever-increasing numbers to mission fields all over the world! Dr. F. F. Soren of Brazil, one of the finest men the seminary ever sent forth, tells that during Dr. Mullins' first year at the school as president, he put his arm about the young foreign student, gripped him hard and said, "I wanted to go to Brazil. You are my substitute."

The story of the Whitsitt controversy must be left to some other historian. Here it can only be said that the Baptist hosts of Louisville were strongly divided and things at white heat when Dr. Mullins came to Louisville as president of the Seminary. He came with the determination to hold no partisanship, and he and his wife agreed that whatever came to them, no bitterness should ever take root in their hearts. And the compact was kept for a lifetime in spite of opportunities in plenty for the vicious little seeds to fly in unbidden. Dr. Mullins had come with a vision of possibilities for greater things than the Seminary had ever known, and his task was, from the first, to put this vision into the concrete, to see it in definite outline, to move toward it with singleness of purpose and sureness of aim. To do this he must move on in a straightforward course, looking neither to the right nor to the left for approval or disapproval. He would be courteous and considerate to all, for the wounds were fresh and deep for

many. With constant prayer for guidance, he would press on to the goal as it was presented to him, and the path to the throne of grace became worn beyond belief! But the more a route is traveled, the more familiar it becomes and the more easily it is made. One in haste fairly flies over it. This proved true with Dr. Mullins. He had always refused to budge until guidance came, but the way to God's will grew easier, and more and more rapidly traversed, when his needs grew by leaps and bounds, as with difficult denominational conditions he took the great work of the Seminary upon his untried hands. From the first, decisions must be made with dispatch and surety. The faculty were of untold help and comfort from the beginning. They were loyal, too, though some were broken-hearted and others dispirited. But perhaps all will agree now in looking back, that Dr. Mullins' courage, consideration, fairness and rapidly unfolding good judgment gave them almost at once an uplift of spirit, a rainbow vision of hope and expectation. Dr. Sampey was a classmate of his, and speaking of him as a great leader, Dr. Sampey has said of student days: "He was always at the top when individual thought was required, and we all knew he was marked for a great man." Perhaps the faculty in the early days had something of the same feeling.

The first winter was a most difficult one also from a family consideration for Dr. Mullins. The winter was severe, the big house had no furnace (few houses in Louisville did at that time), the method of heating was by the use of gas. This was manufactured and had much water in it. The pipes for serving the house with gas went up on the outside walls because it was impossible to supply it in any other way. The consequence was, that when the weather was mild, the gas was at command; but the moment cold came on, the outside pipes froze solid, and not

a hint of gas blaze moderated the deep chill of the house. They sent hopefully for the plumber, but when he turned his back after thawing out the pipes, they immediately froze up again. Every cold spell Mrs. Mullins and her mother crowded themselves into one room, brought in lamps and oil stoves, set them all to flaming, kept as warm as they could—even lay down and covered up on the worst days! They had been accustomed to furnace heat for several years, and never had met winter's cold in so large and poorly equipped a house for heating. Their spirits never flagged, though; they found constant fun over the situation and their makeshifts for heat, while the opportunity for reading was unbounded and a constant source of interest. They could rejoice that Dr. Mullins, having his office at the Seminary, was away from the house almost all his waking hours, and also made frequent trips out of town. When at home and he looked in upon them, he joined in their merriment, but made quiet resolves.

The ladies had few calls that first winter, for in the beginning neither side of the great controversy liked Dr. Mullins' middle-of-the-road course; and, besides, many stood aloof to see what he was going to make of his job. The faculty families were cordial and thoughtful, the Arthur Peters were graciously kind, the Marvins were the same, and the two Norton families in the neighborhood were not unmindful of the strangers. Mrs. J. Lawrence Smith was also most gracious to them, and while there were others whose names perhaps should be added, the list was not large. So there were few calls to be returned, and fortunately so, for Mrs. Mullins did not fare well under the new conditions, and by spring, with constant fever, the doctor imperatively ordered her away. She and her mother went to Petoskey for the summer, while Dr. Mullins spent a brief vacation with them. By the next winter the man of the house who had seen with them the humor of the pre-

vious winter's makeshifts and made resolves, had met the need of heat in the presidential mansion by putting in a furnace. Oh, how radiant he was when he displayed this upon the return of his family in the fall! But hopes can fall as well as rise. The furnace was a grand success for a while, then it began to smoke, and nobody could breathe until the fire was put out and the house cleared of smoke—a chilling process. The furnace man was sent for and did his work encouragingly, but only a brief respite followed and then the smoke was worse than before. So, with each return of the trouble, the after-effects mounted and mounted. The chimney was at last declared beyond remedy. It belonged to the old part of the house and had been built before any one's recollection. So there was another winter of discomfort when the laughter was just as ready and the reading possibilities just as good.

But the spring came on with the same results, continued fever for Mrs. Mullins, which the physician could not break, so she and her mother had to go away again, and selected Chicago as easy to reach, both for them and for Dr. Mullins when he went frequently to look after them. This time recuperation was not so prompt for Mrs. Mullins. As has been stated, she had already several times had her feet almost upon the everlasting shores; she had never been robust, and at the end of the summer was not released by her Chicago physician. Consequently there was a stay there for her mother and herself which lengthened out through two winters. For the summers they rented homes of professors of Chicago University where there were books in abundance, Dr. Mullins joining them for vacations. This family history is necessary in order that Dr. Mullins' problems during this early period may be appreciated. His work and his heart were divided in those first strenuous years; but there was never a word of complaint,

and the old comradeship of husband and wife in everything was unbroken, because by letter and week-end visits to her, she was kept in touch with every phase of his work and problems. At the beginning of the third winter Mrs. Mullins and her mother returned to Louisville, the former with the secret resolve that no doctor should ever succeed in sending her away again; and it proved a resolution which was kept.

Meantime an unexpected thing had happened. The Louisville Public Library wanted four places on Fourth Street as the site for their new library building; the four included the president's home and it was sold to the library in 1902. So the Mullins' family moved out to the Highlands, away from the river and the downtown smoke and soot which were devastating to some physiques. After two years of experimenting with the practicability of living so far away from his work, Dr. Mullins decided in its favor and built a new home for the president of the Seminary at 1311 Cherokee Road, using for the purpose the sum realized from the sale of the old house on Fourth Street. This proved a wise move on his part, for he later said he could never have written his eleven books had it not been for the quiet hours he had at home in the early morning, without the interruptions which would have been inevitable in the downtown district. It was also later proved a most strategic move, when the site for the new Seminary buildings was bought on Lexington Road, and Dr. Mullins' home was half-way between his work at the old site and his constant overlooking of the new structure. It was a substantial and comfortable home which the family enjoyed together for almost twenty-four years.

Returning to Seminary matters, and the early years of Dr. Mullins' experience as its president, brings some interesting recollections. Dr. T. T. Eaton, pastor of Walnut Street Baptist Church

and editor of the *Western Recorder,* was the leader in the fight against Dr. Whitsitt. He was brainy, adroit and clever, full of humor and an untiring antagonist. An account of Dr. Mullins' early bouts with him would make spicy reading. Dr. Eaton considered the new president in his youth as easy prey, and put forth many clever schemes to catch that unwary youth; but he found the youth equally wary and never off guard. After being checkmated a number of times, Dr. Eaton, who was a good sport, enjoyed the fray to the full; and, when many of his followers were still clinging to old issues with bitterness, Dr. Eaton was enjoying contacts with his antagonist. Being a good fighter, he liked a good fighter. A few Sundays before his death he invited Dr. Mullins to preach in his pulpit, and while at the state convention in Mayfield, only the day before his passing, he found something in a speaker's deliverance which delightfully pricked his sense of humor. He must share it, and Dr. Mullins was the chosen one for enjoyment with him of such a choice morsel. They were the width of the platform apart, but he scribbled off his humorous doggerel on the back of an envelope and, folding it, passed it around the big circle of men to Dr. Mullins, who was most responsive, readily seeing the application and enjoying the humor of it. It went into the old scrapbook for pleasant safekeeping, and this is a copy of what he wrote:

"The eagle is a noble bird
And wings his flight on high.
The chicken is of humbler mold,
But makes a better pie."

Early next morning Dr. Eaton took the train for Louisville, was suddenly stricken in the railway station at Grand Junction, Tenn., as he was changing cars, and only lived a few minutes. He went as he would have wished, no one could doubt, for a more

alert, vital, militant man could hardly be imagined than Dr. Eaton, and invalidism was a thing unthinkable for him.

The constructive work done under Dr. Mullins' administration must be given in detail, along with many other things, by some other historian; it may, however, be briefly stated here that things began promptly to unfold with the help and cooperation of the faculty, which soon convinced onlookers that the Seminary was moving forward with surety and wisdom. The first concrete step forward was in a greatly improved curriculum and enlarged opportunity for the student. A daily chapel hour for prayer and praise was inaugurated. Chairs of Biblical Theology, Comparative Religion and Missions, and Sunday School Pedagogy were established, also a lectureship on Evangelism, with corresponding increase of faculty; quarterly examinations were arranged, dividing the work advantageously, and at the same time presenting excellent opportunity for possible short courses of study for visiting pastors. Finally a theological quarterly, the *Review and Expositor,* was established and soon gained a strong and far-reaching influence.

Dr. Mullins rested most helpfully in the cooperation of his faculty. He said to his wife again and again and again, "I do not want to run things alone. I want the judgment and viewpoint of the faculty to help me see things in their entirety. I could not carry the burden without them." And never did he override their judgment. If he felt strongly convinced on a matter, he would gather all his forces to make them see as he saw—falling back upon his old discovery that a true and right thing if stated right will always convince. There were differences of opinion on many matters, as would be inevitable with so many men of fine intelligence; but in the twenty-nine years there was never serious disruption on any subject, and were Dr. Mullins here to speak, he would only have

love and praise for his faculty at the end of his life journey, as he had all along the twenty-nine years of work together.

The first thing that really burdened Dr. Mullins' heart after the initial year as president, was the very meagre salaries of the professors, especially the younger men. He talked much of it at home and soon set to work to bring to pass better things. The first result was the buying of homes for the younger men. Two homes were bought on First Street for Drs. McGlothlin and Carver, then the two youngest on the faculty list. The other members of the faculty were comfortably housed, and with limited resources, no other homes were bought at that time.

Dr. Mullins was, however, continually burdened by the need of increased endowment. Enlarged financial resources must come from some quarter. At the Convention, in 1903, he succeeded in having a committee appointed to come to Louisville and investigate the Seminary's needs. This committee having fulfilled its mission, reported to the next Convention, at Nashville, that not less than two hundred thousand dollars should be added to the existing endowment of five hundred thousand dollars. The report continued with recommendation that there should be at least a million secured, and when that was done another million should be added.

Dr. Mullins spoke after this report and threw himself into the effort with unreserved energy and winning abandon. But, more than this, he had come prepared. The Nortons, always strategic friends of the school, had given him a substantial sum, while the estate of his old friend, Mr. Bray, in Newton Centre had sent him five thousand. With these sums in hand, a collection was taken on the spot for the "Twentieth Century Endowment Fund" that amounted to fifty-three thousand, two hundred and twenty-three dollars. With the way open and this fine start, Dr. Mullins wired his joy to his wife.

So thoroughly, however, did he pour himself out on this, his first supreme effort, that when he came home and started to bed a nervous chill so shook him that he could not undress; he lay down in perfect exhaustion on the coverlet and his wife watched by his side, not moving until sleep came to restore his depleted vitality. How he poured out his vital energy in those early years, none but his family knew. He had a wonderfully resilient comeback quality, however, and the joy of his spirit in the privilege of freedom to work for additional endowment at this time gave him wings. He planned his campaign and pushed it effectively through till he added in that effort several hundred thousand dollars to the Seminary's endowment funds.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WORLD CONGRESS

An urgent request came to Dr. Mullins about this time that he prepare a book on Christian Apologetics for use in the B.Y.P.U. work. He spent his spare time of 1904 upon this work, reading widely and thoroughly for it, then working out his own individual conceptions. This study and writing was shared with his wife as interested listener, just as the sermons had been shared in the earlier days. In the spring of 1905, it was ready for publication, and he had given it one proof-reading when he must start on his third trip abroad, this time to be present at the formation of the Baptist World Alliance through a Baptist Congress called to meet in London, England. Baptists of the world had been preparing for this for some years. In 1904, Dr. A. T. Robertson made a definite call for a world conference of Baptists in London, in an editorial in the *Baptist Argus* with the approval of Dr. Mullins and Dr. J. N. Prestridge, editor of the *Baptist Argus*. Dr. Prestridge caught the vision and took up the matter with vigor and constancy until Baptists everywhere, especially Dr. J. H. Shakespeare, in London, took fire upon the subject. The full history of the matter cannot be given here, the above statement being sufficient for the purposes of this volume. When Dr. Mullins sailed for the Congress, in June, 1905, the proof of his book, which he had entitled, *Why Is Christianity True?* and to which he had given one proof-reading, arrived at his home with instructions that it must be returned to the publishers carefully revised again within something like five days. Mrs. Mullins went at the task with

vigor; but lo, new errors galore had been made in the casting of the second proof, and though she labored almost without ceasing, getting it off in time, the book she knew was still full of errors, and later when it appeared in approved book form it was greatly marred by typographical failure. This was corrected in the next edition, however, when it was published under different management. A first book marks an epoch in anyone's life, and it was a keen regret that this rare joy might not be shared by the two who were one. The wife sent the husband a copy as soon as possible, and far-apart letters exchanged gave all the vent possible to their pleasure. This book has proved through the years of great value. Though written for a Baptist organization, it was not sectarian in character and has been used for years as a textbook in schools of other denominations. Dr. Mullins found only a few years ago that, though the book had come from the pen of an unknown author, Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard, had unhesitatingly recommended it from the first as the best thing of which he knew on Christian Apologetics, and thereby had sent it into many schools for student use.

The trip abroad in 1905 was very reluctantly undertaken by Dr. Mullins. He wanted his wife to go, could not be reconciled to going without her; for, after London, he expected to go on to Germany for a course of study at the University of Berlin. She smiled at his earnest desire, and tried to frighten him by picturing how much of a care she might prove to be. But he would not believe it. They finally agreed to leave the matter entirely to her physician, and just what the doctor said she never knew, but Dr. Mullins quietly went on with his preparations to go alone. She had already been told that the heart was seriously affected and that she would have to be content with a very restricted life, but she had not told her husband.

When the day of his departure came, the new house which they were building, two doors from the one they were occupying temporarily, had the walls, chimneys and the roof structure securely up. Dr. Mullins had looked after this with the carefulness of his temperament. He found the contractor was not putting in the number of roof girders which the specifications called for, and this had to be set right. There were many points in the foundation structure which he similarly had made secure. The superstructure he was obliged to leave to the overlooking of his wife and her brother, R. W. Hawley, who was just as painstaking and discerning as Dr. Mullins himself. Mr. Hawley lived in Florida, but was in Louisville for the summer with his mother and sister during Dr. Mullins' absence.

The voyage to London was enjoyable, for so many American Baptists were going to this first meeting of the World Alliance. The distinguished Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of England, was made president, succeeded by Dr. John Clifford, also of England; these were fitting honors bestowed, and approved by everyone. There were many fine addresses, too numerous to mention. Dr. Prestridge was much feted because his energy and constant publicity in the *Baptist Argus* had done much to bring the Alliance into full fruition. He was made American Secretary and Dr. Shakespeare, who had been very active in England, was appointed British Secretary.

Dr. Mullins made an address during the meeting which was far-reaching in its results. Dr. Rushbrooke says of it: "He arose to speak, a man practically unknown east of the Atlantic, and sat down with a world reputation." He adds that Dr. Clifford talked of little else when the Alliance meeting was over, and "watch Mullins" was a key-word of his from that time forward.

At the meeting Dr. Mullins met Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, his old friend of Newton Centre, then Mrs. Waterbury. She said to him with her charming, yet always sincere, enthusiasm, "Your address was the greatest thing on the whole program!"

He thanked her warmly, and then could say with equal truth, "I can think of nothing finer than yours was!" And, indeed, on every side there had been the warmest praise for the address of this only woman representative on the program.

After the meeting was over Dr. Mullins made a tour of Switzerland, and added the glory of wonderful heaven-reaching mountains in their still, glistening, inspiring beauty to the word pictures stored away in his remarkable memory mansion. Through this sublime spectacle, as it had unfolded day after day before him, he took some of his highest spiritual flights in speaking during the years that followed.

From there he went to Berlin and found a comfortable pension. His German was his only source of contact with the matter of food and daily living, so he brought it forth with uncertainty, that passed daily more and more into certainty, and enabled him to abide in comfort at the pension, and to realize more and more all that he desired from his course of study at the University of Berlin.

Meantime the house which was going up in Louisville was proving a thing of lively interest. Mrs. Mullins and her brother discovered that no set of workmen cared anything for the completed work of predecessors. It was marred and abused without hesitation; so, building meant a daily overlooking and preservation of each completed part of the whole. The architect was not supposed to spend his whole time on one job. Then, as the house neared completion there was the matter of thieves to be contended with, so a careful guarding of things at night and secure locking

up were a daily program. Again many matters came up for decision as the house progressed. This meant responsibility, but was also pleasant diversion that Mrs. Mullins liked, and the joy in the house grew with each day's passing. They moved into it in the fall, and then the task of fitting up was a thing of buoyant delight. The old furnishings were made the best of and some new things added. In the midst of it all there came a momentous letter, telling of the date of her husband's sailing, which had been unexpectedly put forward.

Why! He was already half way across the ocean! Such excitement! She had told him that she did not want a wire from New York because she did not think she could ever endure counting the minutes till he was due. She would rather have some uncertainty. Nevertheless she counted the days of the shortest trip the steamer could make; then the very least time in which he could reach Louisville from New York—and the house furnishings fairly flew into place. At last there were only two pictures to be hung in the library, and all decided they were too tired that night to accomplish this last feat. So the hammer was left to rest with the nails and pictures for over night, and the little family went upstairs to rest themselves before bedtime. At the very closest calculation on the steamer and train trip it was impossible for him to reach Louisville until morning. So they made confident assurances. But while they rested and relaxed, there was a sudden ring at the doorbell. Mrs. Mullins was electrified! She knew who was at the door, calculations or no calculations. She flew like a bird down stairs, opened the door, and there he stood!

There is no possibility of picturing what this meant. When there was time and breath to talk he said the steamer had made the quickest trip on record, he had caught transportation across New York without a moment's delay and reached his train in Jer-

sey City just as it was pulling out. All this good luck brought him home before calculating possibilities. But the dear old mother of the house always smiled when the time was set for his home-coming from any trip. She looked for him always ahead of time, and it usually turned out that way, for when his face was set for home, circumstances advanced him and trains flew for him! The bond of sympathy and understanding was always strong between Dr. Mullins and his mother-in-law.

The pride and joy of going over the new house must be left for the imagination; it could not be adequately pictured, and the wife always teasingly told of her husband that he did not let her sleep a wink that night for telling her every other moment how glad he was to be at home. The truth is this was not a solo but a duet that filled the night hours! Almost six months he had been away from home.

With equal joy he went to the beloved Seminary next day and greeted his colleagues. How his dearest interests had expanded since the first two trips abroad! He took up the work with renewed enthusiasm, for the Seminary was making fine progress along all lines, including the enthusiastic good will of Southern Baptists in general. On his birthday, January 5, 1906, at the middle of that school term, the faculty were invited to his birthday dinner when he had a simple little gift for each of the professors which he had garnered on the trip. This was the beginning of a birthday celebration for him each year in which Mrs. Mullins took great pride and joy, and not once through the years was it omitted, though the date came to vary much with the activities of the various professors. One year it was held in March! Often this function was varied by bringing in the wives and making it a buffet supper. During the later years, however, this was set for Thanksgiving, and the birthday dinner reserved for the professors

and some pastors, or visiting guests who happened to be in town.

On the trip abroad in 1905 Dr. Mullins had taken quite a large trunk and had brought back numerous little gifts for his sisters and family connections, also many things for the ornamentation of the new house. While he was unpacking a family friend shared the pleasure of revealed treasures. She finally exclaimed, "Why, how could you select so many things?"

His reply came promptly: "The difficulty was not in selecting. The only trouble I had was in not being able to buy all I could so easily select." He was a lover of the beautiful, and reveled in the choice pieces of Dresden china and Bohemian glassware he had brought, together with some artistically carved things which he had found in Switzerland. Then the copies of pictures of the old masters! These he greatly enjoyed and could talk about, as he had seen them in the originals, with fascinating realism.

After the return from abroad he went to work on his commentary on Ephesians and Colossians. How much he loved those epistles! He had read them until every word was stamped on his memory, and yet by the hour he would hold the open book and let his mind play about them. If he was in the mood to express his thoughts, it was a rare privilege to listen while he made of them glowing spiritual messages. Paul was his life companion. He felt an intimacy of thought and understanding with the great apostle that only goes with the closest life-friendships. On the first Christmas after their marriage in June, Mrs. Mullins presented to her husband a copy of Raphael's conception of Paul, which she had herself made, and been unusually fortunate in her reproduction. She had thus early found his devotion to Paul, and his especial enjoyment of Raphael's painting of the group picture, St. Cecilia, in which Paul appeared. This picture, which came to him on their first Christmas together, always hung upon

his library wall. With Paul in daily presence, so to speak, it gave a new flavor to Dr. Mullins' study of his favorite apostle. His commentary on the choice epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians came out in 1913.

CHAPTER XIV

LIFE FROM MANY ANGLES

In 1907, came a family joy in having in the home for a visit the father and mother of Dr. Mullins. They were quite elderly people, but they came with the spirit of youth for this first visit to their son. The father, Rev. S. G. Mullins, was founder and then pastor of the First Church, of Corsicana, Texas, for many years. The two, father and son, went a few days after their arrival to attend the first meeting of American Baptists at Jamestown, Va. Immediately afterward they together attended the Southern Baptist Convention, which met at Richmond, Va. The pride and joy of that father at the two meetings was beyond compare. His son made an address at the American meeting that placed him on a high plane before that body. Then his address at Richmond was received with great enthusiasm, even though the South had come to expect fine things from him. The father, a very reserved man in expression of family feeling (but a keen and delightful exponent of matters theological), could not contain himself this once in his long life of family repression.

He chose the ear of his daughter-in-law. "May," he said, "there was just one man who stood out above all others in both great meetings, and that one was E. Y. Mullins!"

An independent thinker far beyond his times, the joy of seeing his son do the things that he could have done with opportunity was compensation gilded with a delight that never could have gleamed over any deed of his own.

As for his mother, with dark, expressive eyes and long, tapering fingers like her son's, she smiled serenely as she saw him at work or heard him speak, for had she not always known that he would do great things?

How these increasing honors and commendations affected Dr. Mullins himself is a thing difficult to analyze. His nature was a complex one. A character trait had many facets with him. No one would accuse him of lack of courage, and this courage was physical, moral and spiritual. Yet there was a trace of timidity in him at times, something very naïve and winning. There was a serenity and gentleness about him that made him easy to approach even for a child. There was consideration for the opinion of others that might almost seem like vacillation, so easily and thoroughly responsive was he. But a viewpoint of vital concern could be held by him like adamant; and at the same time, if it was of importance that he turn others to his way of thinking, he could do it with consummate skill, clearness and convincing power, while in the arena of debate he was a ready and vigorous antagonist.

He was social, he was genial, he loved fellowship with friends and at home, but his spirit held something sacred to itself and required *aloneness*. Perhaps this is not unusual, there may be a citadel within each of humankind which is never invaded, but it was a marked characteristic with Dr. Mullins. It was fortunate for both of them that his wife knew how to let him be alone although still in her presence. These times came, perhaps, when he and the Master were working out some problem together, and as the solution unfolded he shared it with her just as though they had been talking it over together. Again he would want to counsel with her from the first. Sometimes the necessity to be alone in spirit was impelled by some injustice which had come to him, and he must find his own bearings before he spoke of it. She always knew if

anything had gone wrong, that when the time was ripe it would be revealed. He needed both to be alone and to have companionship for his problems.

He was likewise complex when it came to honors and encomiums. He loved praise; nothing so cheered his spirit, so stimulated him to his best as kind expressions about himself. Again he was naïve and winning in this trait. But no honor or high commendation that ever came to him fed ambition in him. He accepted them with the same appreciative simplicity that he did the little kindly things that came along his way of life. Dr. Carver says of him in a most discriminating article in the *Review and Expositor:* "One quality usually found in leadership was omitted in Dr. Mullins' list—personal ambition. He possessed this quality, too. *Possessed* is the right word. He was not possessed by his ambition. That mars and often wrecks leadership. But an ambition possessed by a noble personality and subordinated to a high purpose is a great asset. Dr. Mullins desired honor, but no honor for himself that did not mean the exaltation of Christ."

No truer thing of Dr. Mullins could be said. And so, with honors increasing, he went with simplicity and no self-seeking about his tasks, striving to serve the Seminary to the utmost, and to give out from his intellectual and spiritual storehouse, from his influence and power, all that was possible for the general cause of the kingdom.

In the spring of 1905, Dr. Mullins was asked to make an address before the American Baptist Publication Society, at St. Louis, Mo. As he was preparing that address he called to his wife to come and listen to something he had just written. It was a call to which she never failed to respond.

He said, "I have just written the Axioms of Religion," and smiled triumphantly as he said it. "Here they are:

1. The theological axiom: The holy and loving God has a right to be Sovereign.

2. The religious axiom: All souls have an equal right to direct access to God.

3. The ecclesiastical axiom: All believers have a right to equal privileges in the church.

4. The moral axiom: To be responsible, man must be free.

5. The religio-civic axiom: A free church in a free state.

6. The social axiom: Love your neighbor as yourself.

After reading them, he looked up for her reaction and found in her face all that he wanted.

"They are wonderful, in their aptness, in their brevity, in their completeness," she cried. "Where did you get them?"

"They just this moment came to me—like a flash—the whole thing!"

This was the way Dr. Mullins' mind often worked.

"Well," she returned, "you will hear from them. I don't need to be a prophet to tell that."

This certainly proved true. This statement of Baptist principles caught the ear of his audience with enthusiasm and surety. He continually heard from them thereafter, and built up around them several telling addresses which brought great enthusiasm from his hearers. One of these was the address given at the Baptist Convention of North America, which met at Jamestown, Va., and which his father had heard with so much joy and pride. His subject there was, "The Contribution of Baptists to American Civilization." Another address that was the outgrowth of this flash of inspiration was the one he gave to the Baptist World Congress in London, England, 1905, to which reference has already been made. Some addresses delivered before the Baptist

Historical Society of Virginia, in 1906, were along the same line, and all did much to add to his reputation as a thinker and speaker.

These addresses just referred to formed largely the material for his second book, entitled, *The Axioms of Religion,* which proved very popular and useful. This came out in 1908.

It is difficult to fit into a story of Dr. Mullins' life all his varied activities. In his absence he was elected President of the Baptist Young People's Union of America, 1907, at Spokane, Washington. He was re-elected to this position in 1909 at Portland, Oregon. At the time of the 1910 election Dr. Mullins was attending an important missionary conference and asked to be relieved of the office of president of the B.Y.P.U.A.

In 1906 Dr. Philip T. Hale was asked to come to Louisville to travel here and there, North and South, to see friends of the Seminary who were willing to help it financially. He did his work quietly and with great success, being a devoted and untiring financial help from the day of his coming here, to the tragedy of his death in a railroad wreck Christmas eve, 1925.

When Dr. Mullins came to the Seminary its property was valuable and the location advantageous. Norton Hall occupied a fine lot on Broadway; but on the western corner of the square was a large old place used as a boarding house. Across the way, corner Fifth and Broadway, was the Library and on Fifth was the large tract upon which stood New York Hall. From his arrival in Louisville, Dr. Mullins wanted that corner where the boarding house stood. As some money began to come to the Seminary, he talked with the Executive Committee about the matter, but Mr. Theodore Harris, a most valuable member of the committee, was strongly opposed to it. Dr. Mullins could not give it up. He used strategy. He went to Mr. George W. Norton, of the Financial Board, about the matter, and Mr. Norton said at once that the Seminary should

own that corner. Dr. Mullins turned laughingly toward him and asked, "How much do you think it, Mr. Norton?"

Mr. Norton smiled genially and named a sum with which he was sure his family would like to endorse the project. So, Dr. Mullins returned to the Executive Committee with his new story. Mr. Theodore Harris good-humoredly threw up his hands and said: "Go ahead!"

Mr. Harris loved the Seminary devotedly, and is held in cherished memory. The corner lot was bought April 24, 1906. The amount paid for it was $14,000, and it added greatly to the value of the Seminary property when a long-term lease was made of the Norton Hall site in 1927.

At the Southern Baptist Convention in 1908 which met in Hot Springs, Arkansas, Dr. Mullins prepared the way for a great campaign throughout the South for increased endowment for the Seminary. He told a most happy story about the boy at the mill who had so many times been turned aside for others. He likened the Seminary to this poor country boy and begged that the great school be allowed its turn. This caught the ear of the Convention and brought enthusiasm for the "Jubilee Campaign," which he wanted to inaugurate the next year when the Convention would meet in Louisville to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Seminary in 1859.

Preparations went forward all the year for the Jubilee Celebration and the financial campaign which was to follow. It was a great meeting, indeed, when Baptists from all over the South came to endorse and rejoice over the great school of the prophets which had lifted the ministry of the South from the provincialism and ignorance of the backwoods, where crude ability and spiritual urge were often miraculously found; from the haphazard inspiration of an occasional genius, together with the secular scholarship of some

who had, through God's providence, found consecration and real spiritual power, for these constituted the general make-up of the ministry of the South before the birth of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. To them, however, must be added the choice leaders who had gone to the North for Theological education or to the Southern denominational colleges which provided such opportunity for preachers. On the whole a transformation had been and would continue to be wrought by the Seminary, bringing the rank and file of Southern Baptist preachers up to a fine general average in ministerial education, with high prospects of greater development and enlarged opportunity for spiritual culture.

The convention was largely attended locally as well as from a distance and the meetings were held in the big Louisville Armory. Dr. Mullins presented the history of things accomplished in the Seminary and of the great opportunities ahead. He finished his address with a little flight in verse. Reviewing the past from its beginnings by the great four, Boyce, Broadus, Manly, Williams, tracing the vicissitudes of the Civil War which left the barely organized school a broken and stranded thing, triumphantly outlined the great founders again, as they courageously picked it up and with inspirational skill and sacrifice, brought it into substantial being, he sang of them in a happy little stanza:

> But the spinners are the winners
> In a universe of love.
> The men who build shall find fulfilled
> This law ordained above,
> That stars and tides and all besides,
> Head winds and stormy seas,
> Shall speed the plan and toil of man
> When God the task decrees.

Then, at the close, changing his poetical technique slightly, he turned from the early history to the immediate urge:

May our hands sing at the labor
Their life-task hath left undone,
May their tears find new fruition
Rainbowed by our clearer sun;
May these fifty years of travail
Prophecy and promise be
That we now shall catch the spirit
Of their Eternal Jubilee.

No attempt is made to give a view of the meeting as a whole. The temper of it was enthusiastic and inspiring. Immediately after this Dr. Mullins organized a campaign and directed the movements of many workers over the South for two or three years which resulted in an addition of $670,000 to the Seminary's endowment fund. Dr. P. T. Hale was an untiring participant in this and brought in splendid returns. This increased endowment meant corresponding increase in the facilities of the school, and—a most important thing—better pay for the professors, who had up to that time lived on exceedingly small incomes. It was well this increase came before the great World War which brought soaring prices and would have meant exceedingly hard living conditions for the faculty.

It was at about this period that Dr. Mullins' father became ill and the son went down to Corsicana, Texas, to see about him. The doctors were agreed that an operation was imperative, but the patient laughed it off; there was nothing serious the matter with him, he was up and about, as strong as ever, and he had no liking for operations or hospitals! Dr. Mullins smiled, but did not leave. He knew it was a case that required delicate handling and he was going to see it through successfully. So he talked genially with his father, seemingly having no intention of leaving, and the subject of operations was taboo. There was no evidence of change of heart for sometime, but suddenly the patient inquired, one day, "Mother, how many night shirts have I got? Perhaps you had better get me some more."

The battle was won! Without a word preparations went forward and Dr. Mullins took his father to Dallas where an operation was successfully performed, though it was considered only palliative. But no one ever more enjoyed a hospital stay, and no one was ever more popular in a hospital than Rev. S. G. Mullins.

Before Dr. Mullins left for his home on this visit he planned to build a new house for his father and mother. The old one, where the children had grown up, was giving out and he wanted to see his parents in comfort. So he built for them a substantial house of eight rooms, including a downstairs bedroom and bath for the old people. But a year later, just as it was ready for them to move into, his father passed into eternal life, August 12, 1912, after great suffering through which his oldest daughter had given him unceasing care. However, the move proved a diversion for his mother, who, young in spirit, found comfort and interest in fitting up the new home with the help of the youngest daughter who lived with her. This devoted daughter had looked after the building with great efficiency. Three years more went by and then the mother had a slight fall on the stairs, which did not seem in the least serious, but in a few days her spirit followed that of her husband on January 11, 1915.

CHAPTER XV

BOOK MAKING

With the Seminary growing denominationally, Dr. Mullins carried it about in his heart for all the world to see and know about. He was happy over every outside connection in the city, or far afield, which would spread its fame. He accepted trusteeship on the Louisville Free Library Board, taking the place of Bishop Dudley of the Episcopal Church, glad of the opportunity to serve his city, but also bearing in mind that he represented the Seminary. It was with the same thought that he accepted an invitation to join the Conversation Club, a social organization to which Dr. Broadus had belonged, and which was made up of professional men of all types each of whom contributed to the club of his own specialty. It proved to be one of the great delights of Dr. Mullins' life and the group of men who composed it have testified again and again to his remarkable contributions to the cultural assets of the organization. It came to be in the later years that his contribution at every meeting was saved for the last, when he invariably summed up the gist of the discussion, and gave his own viewpoint, which was always of value and often sparkled with wit and humor. Ever an inveterate reader, no subject could be mentioned that he did not know something about it, and had not formulated some opinion upon. While all this was personal, Dr. Mullins rejoiced in the fact that he meant the Seminary to these brainy men of Louisville.

He reached out for contacts with men of all kinds. He said, "I do not want to live in a rut." He was made a member of the

Pendennis Club, and went there frequently for luncheon that he might know the merchants, the doctors, the professional men of all sorts, the capitalists of Louisville, and it soon came to be the when he entered the dining room a place was immediately made for him by some welcoming group.

The Seminary brought to his home distinguished men from the world over. The Norton and Gay Lecture Foundations enabled the school to bring distinguished men from the old world to the Seminary to lecture. It was before the days of hotel entertainment for speakers, and it was with joy that Dr. and Mrs. Mullins welcomed them in their home. Among those whom they were privileged to have were Dr. and Mrs. James Stalker, Dr. Stalker being a writer of books of world circulation. They were quiet, but delightful Scottish guests from the Presbyterian denomination. Dr. W. L. Watkinson, a Methodist, was also a charming visitor. He was a man of broad culture and sparkling human interest. Another most enjoyable guest was Dr. W. T. Whitley of England, keenly interested in everything American and a delightful raconteur of things English. He could see the humor of his own people with keen delight, and he made the English life of children a thing real and charming. Prof. Angus of Scotland was another visitor who possessed an inexhaustible fund of choice anecdotes. It would be difficult to mention all who came to the Seminary President's home during this, the middle period of his service.

But the family did not soon forget Sir William and Lady Ramsay, of Scotland. Unpretentious guests these titled people proved of quiet good breeding which was unmistakable and easy to meet. The hostess was a little perturbed when she found there were sixteen pieces of baggage to be conveniently stored, but there was, fortunately, a hall corner near their room and a sitting room

within easy reach, so that everything was conveniently placed and the bedroom could be utilized for bags in constant use.

The daily needs of the guests were easily and comfortably met. The early tea could be rung for when wanted, with the fortunate bell that led from their room to the kitchen. Tea was the really important thing to them for every meal, and a ready solution for uncertainties was discovered when Mrs. Mullins asked Lady Ramsay if she would not like to make that herself at the table. The dear lady beamed at the suggestion, and its carrying out proved most satisfactory. Having all the facilities at hand, she made the right mixture of tea and water, gave a certain number of stirs with the spoon for Sir William, poured his out steaming hot; then, with the required number of additional stirs for her own portion, they were both comfortable and happy.

These guests were at the president's home for almost a week, and it was an experience altogether delightful to remember. Sir William was quiet, but when embarked on his own specialty, his culture and ability were impressive and yet charming. Lady Ramsay was a woman of exceptional intellectual attainment, was intensely public-spirited—especially for her own class, having little real knowledge of any other. She was a public speaker of acknowledged ability, and a student and thinker of substantial qualities. The discussions that went around the table were most enlightening and altogether delightful. There was much social activity for them. The faculty gave a dinner for them at a leading hotel, which the women as well as the men of the faculty attended. Mrs. Mullins gave an afternoon tea for Lady Ramsay, but perhaps the thing which brought most lively interest from the guests was her offer to show them over the house, which was then practically new. They were enthusiastic over the modern conveniences and enjoyed getting behind the scenes, so to speak, in the household

regime, sitting down at last in a bedroom and talking familiarly in quite American fashion!

Mrs. Mullins had some years of little outside activity, so t things that came to the home were especial treats. In these qu years, however, she had found work in abundance. She wr little stories and poems in battalions and regiments! These fou their way into the Baptist publications of the North and South; the *Sunday School Times* and many secular publications. T *Youth's Companion* accepted instantly almost everything she se them, so they were always to be depended upon; then the childre departments of *The Woman's Home Companion* accepted ma stories, also *The Ladies' World* and various other magazines. B sides these she wrote innumerable leaflets for mission interest Then Mrs. J. B. Marvin, née Juliet Norton, interested her the Kentucky mountain educational work, and meeting in Bosto Mrs. Mullins' old Newton Centre friend, Mrs. Henry W. Pe body, Mrs. Marvin came back with positive instructions from Mr Peabody that Mrs. Mullins turn her pen intensively toward th mountains of Kentucky. Mrs. Marvin so reenforced the messag that Mrs. Mullins' *Boy from Hollow Hut,* a Kentucky mounta story, was the result, appearing in 1911. This book has bee used for many years in the public schools of Louisville and th state of Kentucky, and also for denominational mission stud courses. With her own pen flying (or the typewriter, as it soo came to be) Mrs. Mullins did not lose her old position as listener She still loved the charm of that much more worth-while pen of he husband.

In 1911 the silver wedding came on for June 2. Mrs. Mullins felt from the first that it must be celebrated. She approached the day with considerable glamour. It held romance and illumination and achievement for her. Twenty-five lovely years stowed

away in the past, to lie fresh and rosy for a time, then to grow mellow and finally overlaid with the soft veil of dimmer memory. With all this latent in her subconscious mind she approached the groom on the subject only to find him discouragingly unsympathetic. Yes, he knew the silver wedding day was coming, and he was appreciative of all it signified, but as for celebration that was quite another thing. He had been to Silver Weddings and they were all right for other people, beautiful and fitting and all that could be asked. But for him a silver wedding did not appeal. There would be silver gifts from friends and he would feel that he had asked for them!

So there! No arguing. She knew he felt peculiarly sensitive about trying to get things for himself. Of course he was carrying it too far now, when he was setting himself against the beautiful custom of celebrating silver weddings—second only to the glory of the first, and wedding gifts are like those of Christmas, happy for the giver as well as the receiver. But idiosyncrasies are idiosyncrasies, and they are what make life interesting. The interesting task for the wife at this juncture was circumvention. She pondered for days and then produced her plan.

"So you are opposed to a silver wedding celebration for us and a shower of gifts. You have inoculated me, and silver wedding cards are anathema."

He looked up suspiciously, knowing well that some scheme was behind this meekness. Her laughing eyes confirmed it, and catching their light he smilingly asked, "Well, what is it?"

"Just this," she replied. "We will have for guests only the faculty and their wives, together with the pastors and their wives whom we know best. We will invite no one until five o'clock P.M. on June second, then there will be no possibility of anybody's going down town for wedding gifts, even if any should surmise

that it is our wedding day—and I feel sure nobody knows. I will simply invite them to come and sit on our porch with us, asking each couple to come as though they were to be the only guests, and special beneficiaries of the lovely moonlight which will be flooding our porch. Then, since you and I are anathema as to wedding gifts from others, let's turn givers ourselves. I will select wedding spoons of silver, one for each couple whom we invite, and have the two dates, 1886-1911 engraved in the bowl—"

He did not let her finish: "Now, you have it! That I like—just go ahead with it." So she did. The wedding cake was made, with the two dates and rosy decorations, while the interior held a number of things mysteriously hidden; such as a ring for the one who should be first to have a marriage in their family, the thimble and a tiny hoe for the ones who had hard work ahead of them, a silver ten cent piece for the one who had sudden fortune awaiting, and lastly, a tiny silver scythe for the one who must make the speech of the evening upon, "The Silver Scythe of Time."

Upon the important day Mrs. Mullins at five o'clock called up the guests one by one and everybody accepted. It was before the day of movies or automobiles for every family, and impromptu affairs stood a better chance. The hostess was delighted, and so sure that no one suspected the momentousness of the occasion. But, ah, she reckoned without complete knowledge of Mrs. Robertson's active mind and memory. By six o'clock a huge box arrived and there were twenty-five exquisite bride roses for the Bride!

So the secret was out, and everything moved forward with rapidity till the bride stood among the guests in her original wedding gown and fan and handkerchief, which none of them had ever seen. She wore what she could of the Bride roses and adorned the living room with the others. The cake was cut with great hilarity;

the groom, to his real chagrin, getting the silver scythe which called for the speech of the evening. He had not known about these pitfalls in the cake, or, he said, he might have avoided at least the worst of them. Old-fashioned games were played with zest, and then the groom had to pay the penalty and make a little speech upon the Silver Scythe of Time. As his little speeches upon all occasions, it had the spice of humor, the spiritual touch, and then ended with the tender recitation of "John Anderson, My Jo."

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

As the guests bade them goodnight, a little white box tied with white ribbon was handed to each couple from a convenient table by the bride, and so ended a memorable day in the life history of two who were one.

For 1912 publication Dr. Mullins had ready his little book on *Baptist Beliefs*. From the background of years of intensive study on the subject, these terse statements were struck off with lightning rapidity, but they were afterward subjected to the keenest criticism by the author lest he make some error, and it was a matter of family importance as well.

So full of activity of all kinds he was by this time, that, as one looks back, it seems hardly possible that he could at this period have written so scholarly and thoroughly prepared a volume as *Freedom and Authority in Religion,* which came from the press in 1913.

He read widely in preparation, he concentrated intensely in thinking through and through his subjects, he wrote with unremitting care. His time for work was mornings, before he must go to the Seminary for the daily tasks, and the completion of the great undertaking came during the summer months when daily duties were lighter. These summer months, too, were the time when Mrs. Mullins functioned most as listener. This book proved the greatest test she had had in working comradeship with her husband. Listening to the intricate thinking of *Freedom and Authority in Religion* was no summer day matter! But she couldn't fail him. It tested even her simple following qualities to the utmost; and yet she must not only keep up, but understand and weigh, for he depended upon her to tell him if anything was not presented with clearness (this was still her chief function) and if there was any redundancy. Fortunately she was not pledged to assimilate and retain! So, she did her very best and was proud when she could catch him in an involved sentence, or repetition of statement. The book has been declared by many thoughtful, competent men as first among the products of his pen.

To have simply listened with understanding to such a book was a feat from which Mrs. Mullins must have reaction. So, she has always declared that her initial book in the "Blossom Shop Series" was her safety valve during that summer. At any rate it was a lively contrast to Dr. Mullins' writing and was enjoyed as much by him as it was by her, for they were equal partners in their literary work. He would give the keenest interest first to

her little stories, and then to her books which followed, just as if he had been a magazine editor. Often he would supply the happy title for a little story which she had been unable to drag from her brain. In their writing was a close fellowship that did not take the place of that joy which would have been theirs in the two children who had gone, but to share the children of their brains was a compensation.

Mrs. Mullins' story, *The Blossom Shop,* went well, and the publishers demanded a series as rapidly as she could get them out, until in desperation, she said, she married every one in sight, even to the droll little colored "Cahaba."

Dr. Mullins was one of the editors of the International Bible Encyclopedia, published by Howard-Severance Company, of Chicago, in 1915. James Orr, M.A., D.D., of Scotland, was the General Editor. John L. Nuelsen, D.D., LL.D., and Edgar Young Mullins, D.D., LL.D., were assistant editors, according to the title page. Morris O. Evans, D.D., Ph.D., was managing editor.

Dr. Mullins' part in this work was most exacting, covering several years.

In 1922, Dr. Mullins was also a contributor to the work of preparing the System Bible, or the Busy People's Bible, published in Chicago. Besides all his other writing, during the years of his Seminary presidency, he wrote freely for the Baptist papers, North and South, and for magazines such as the *Hibbert Journal,* of England, the *Forum* and other secular magazines which asked for articles from him at various times.

An annual interest between husband and wife which might well be classified as literary, were the little addresses that he made each year to the graduating classes at Commencement. The thing he wanted to impress upon his boys, as they went out into the world to bare their breasts and meet the conflict of life, was a

matter of high interest to both. As the time drew near she would say with a smile, "And what are you going to talk to the boys about this year?"

Perhaps the answer was ready, and it was sure to meet instant approval. It seemed to her almost uncanny how he hit upon fresh and pertinent topics. Perhaps he had already made notes upon it, and question and comment were lively. Sometimes he had only a vague feeling after the thing he wanted, when her question came. But soon his mind went to work, as he thought out-loud to her, his face lighting and glowing, and perhaps in ten minutes she would cry, "You have it—the whole thing! Please, don't touch it again!"

Then, sometimes, the topic would be entirely elusive, and they would each bring suggestions as they came to mind; but it was almost without fail that he found the key-thought to the message which was meant for him to give to the class of the year. And, when that had come, his eager mind soon developed and polished it into the perfect gem which many thought those talks to be.

After noting Dr. Mullins' brilliancy as a speaker and lecturer, Dr. Robertson once said: "I think the best speaking he ever did was in the ten-minute talks at our Commencement exercises to our students. Full of pith and point, they were talks that would stick through all the coming years for the students."

Dr. Carver also says in an article upon Dr. Mullins: "There are some of us who think his addresses to graduating classes in the Seminary are the very crown of his literary output."

Dr. Mullins' interest in his students was always tender and personal and paramount with him. Many times his wife would know, far better than he, how much he needed rest, but she could not persuade him from going to some student social, and taking part with the wholeheartedness and bubbling humor that was char-

acteristic of him. Many, too, are the stories she might tell of personal problems—financial, intellectual and sometimes moral, that he bore about with him and worked out solutions for individual students. In any matters which had to come before the faculty concerning students—perhaps involving personal integrity for them—his patience was inexhaustible, his highest desire apparent to be just to the man involved. If there had to be expulsion, it was always a personal grief to him. In all his relationships it may likewise be said that his chief aim and desire was for harmony and consistent justice to others, as he went forward in his high calling of promoting the affairs of the Kingdom of Christ.

With his head erect, as it always was, and his eyes turned in every direction for any advantage to the Seminary, Dr. Mullins' life grew more and more complex with each flying year. He was wanted in every direction for addresses, North and South, at home and abroad. In his own town the demand was constant. With his ready flow of wit and humor, his ability to slip in the worthwhile thing in any sort of address and yet keep his audience *en rapport,* made him in constant demand for after-dinner speeches, and local addresses of all sorts. Sometimes his wife would remonstrate that he was doing too much. He would smile and say, "It advertises the Seminary." That was reason enough for doing things of all sorts, and it was true that his constant activity kept the Seminary before the people.

Dr. Mullins had always realized the importance of physical exercise, and in his first pastorate at Harrodsburg he had a woodpile, saw-horse and saw with which he daily used his muscles. This was repeated in his other two pastorates, and the saw and saw-horse came with him to Louisville and went into the new house at 1311 Cherokee Road together with a fine cord of hard wood. He found its light, airy basement an ideal place for his

work, and the sound of the saw could be heard in the early morning. But life's duties waxed heavy from many angles, and he was away so much that it came to be a more or less irregular function. About this time, too, in 1913, it was impressed upon him that he should exercise in the open air, and that golf was the best medium for this, since it caught the interest of thinking men and held it away from their work. He did not see how he was going to find time for games, but once clearly shown a thing which ought to be done, Dr. Mullins always made a way for it. He caught the spare minutes as he could, and having been initiated in the intricacies of the game in Newton Centre, he brought out his clubs and started at it. As the years went by, with the summers furnishing most of his opportunity, he came to love the game. He would start off with his bag as happy as any boy of ten, as youthful and springy. Through his golf he came to know intimately many of Louisville's most prominent business and professional men, and it can truthfully be said that no man was more beloved on the Louisville golf courses than was Dr. Mullins. His fund of anecdotes and jokes, his knowledge of many things, made him a delightful partner of any golfist, while his ready adaptability made him sought by all classes of players. To this exercise he attributed his increased endurance in the later years. So pronounced was his spirit of youth in golf that he rarely played with men of his own age; and he loved particularly to play with the young professors of the Seminary, for whom he had especial affections. But it was most difficult for him to find the time for games after the building of the new Seminary began.

He did not neglect the writing of books in the midst of other things. In fact, during this period, the house was lively with the chase and capture of plots, ideas and thoughts—also with the slaughter of many fine things, which after careful writing out,

were found to be irrelevant, extraneous, or by some rigid rule must go into discard. There came to be, as well, a spirited race between the two that were one, as to who might keep ahead in the number of books which they put out. Sometimes he would be in the lead, then she would follow after with new energy and win by a neck or two!

Dr. Mullins was always at work on his *greatest* book, as he perhaps would say, *The Christian Religion In Its Doctrinal Expression.* This book put into concrete form the fruits of his constant study of theology from the time of his coming to the Seminary through the years till its publication in 1917. It is a rich heritage for the Seminary and useful to many schools. About the time this came out, he had also put together some sermons and addresses for a book which he entitled *The Life In Christ,* published by Fleming H. Revell Co., in 1917.

Mrs. Mullins had finished her four Blossom Shop books by this time—the last, *Mt. Blossom Girls,* being published in 1918. Dr. Mullins would take a carbon copy of each book as it was ready, put it in his valise when going on some trip, read, correct and make suggestions, while she continued to be listener for him.

CHAPTER XVI

THE WORLD WAR

In the spring of 1917 came the Great War to America. How our hearts were dismayed, stirred, thrilled with sudden activity and patriotism, is forgotten by no one who lived in America at that time. Dr. Mullins expected to do his part as he found opportunity. But Mr. Philo C. Dix, Y.M.C.A. Director for Camp Taylor, at Louisville, came to him in the fall when the camp was under way, and laid before him the task of assuming the responsibility of Religious Director at the camp. It seemed impossible at first, but Mr. Dix put the case strongly, and when Dr. Mullins brought it before the faculty, then the Executive Committee, showing how his work could be arranged at the Seminary through the help of other professors, and release him for part of every day, all were heartily in favor of it. Everybody was in the spirit of making sacrifices. So Dr. Mullins was one of the first of Louisville's older citizens to don war uniform. His tall, erect figure looked well in it; the military training of his youth bore belated fruit, his bearing and step were soldierly. No one but his family knew the strain of that winter. It was the coldest known in Louisville for many years, and morning after morning he would shovel out the snow from his garage entrance before he could get out with his car. He appeared at the camp every day on time, and then later made his Seminary appointments. At night he usually made another trip out to the camp, for there were religious meetings held every night, and the boys, far from home with they knew not what before them, loved the stirring religious

meetings with the spirited singing and took into their hearts some of the great truths of life which suddenly became vital to them. There was gaiety in the camp, but there were also tears and homesickness among the soldiers in training. If the meetings came up to the standard, the director had to be there often to see that they did. The arrangements for speakers he left largely to Mrs. Mullins; and no wanted man, be he senator or high potentate of any sort, could escape her. She would find him and get his consent. However, people everywhere were wonderful in their willingness to do anything. Sometimes the difficulty was to locate some high dignitary in other states, and reach him by wire. The local ministers and men of affairs were more easily reached and always responsive.

One of the most far-reaching and important services rendered at the camp, as testified to by Mr. Dix and scores of the Y.M.C.A. at work there, was Dr. Mullins' Monday morning talks to these workers. They informed, they fed the men spiritually, they encouraged and inspired them. They had all the vigor and urge that spiritual dynamite could give; all the freshness and charm of heart appeal which reflects the Master's own call to service and sacrifice. Dr. Mullins' sympathy, his humor, his humanity, his consecration, reached and impressed those men for life as has been testified through letters which have come since his death. Mr. Dix declared those Monday morning talks were his greatest source of help and strength during those days when he exerted himself to the utmost.

By the hundreds the boys at camp were soon sent off with flying colors and band playing, everything a tumult of gaiety—sent off to face the horrors of war, perhaps to meet their death. How was it done, is asked in retrospect, and none can answer. Then in the early fall of 1918 came the terrible, devastating "flu." Accounts of it had reached Camp Taylor from here and there at

other camps—disturbing, frightening—and then it was upon Louisville's own camp! The boys were dying by the hundreds, and workers were helpless to stop it. Dr. Mullins was there in the midst of them, taking dying messages, comforting in the final moments, helping relatives who came and lost, and were distraught. The ministry of Louisville did not flinch. Mrs. Mullins had the duty of fitting them into a schedule of hours per day and knew their readiness. Ah, nobody flinched that saw the need! Some of the finest women of Louisville went there and stayed, day after day, on duty at the camp hospital. At last it passed—and then came that wonderful, crazy day, when an armistice was declared falsely, only to be followed by the great God-given eleventh of November, when the armistice was real—and the peace that came upon the world passed all understanding.

There was still work to be done at the camp, for many boys were there in training, and it was well into the new year before Dr. Mullins was relieved from his position.

Soon after war was declared by the United States, Mrs. Hawley, the mother of Mrs. Mullins, failed to awaken one morning and her spirit found eternal refuge on June 20, 1917. Varied, indeed, had been this life of ninety years. Begun on the hills of New England—at a spot almost within hearing of the guns of Lexington and Bunker Hill—it had passed through the Civil War period in the far South, and at its close caught again the sound of martial music and the tramp of hurrying feet in the beginning of the great World War for America.

During the conflict, and immediately following, there was much talk of strange psychic phenomena which many felt were spiritual manifestations. This led, as it always does, to a revival of Spiritualism. To meet this unwholesome phase of pseudo-religious interest, Dr. Mullins wrote a little book on *Spiritualism a Delu-*

sion, by request from many who were interested in the subject. It came out in 1920. At about the same time he wrote a little book which he called *Talks On Soul Winning.* This was asked for by the W.M.U. of the South, and Dr. Mullins was quite ready for it as many of his talks at the camp to Y.M.C.A. secretaries were along that line. This also appeared from the press in 1920. The two books were clearly and pungently written, and proved of high value.

Not a great deal has been said about the work at the Seminary as it passed along in routine. It goes without saying, however, that there were many problems to be worked out by the president and faculty, while during and following the war a restlessness and tendency to insurrection sometimes appeared among the students. But the faculty were firm, unmoved by threatened upheavals, and the school went steadily on. If the boarding halls and administration building were littered with grotesque reactionary papers, the faculty proved good "detectives" and knew just how to handle the matter.

With war in its most terrible expression ever given in the history of the world, it might be supposed that there could be denominational peace, but there was no diminution in the guerilla warfare that had gone on all the time against the Seminary, nor was there any cessation when peace was proclaimed over the rest of the world. Dr. Mullins had constantly to put needed energy into this phase of his work. If all his power and reserve could have been given to constructive work, what marvels he might have accomplished! But he never allowed the snipers to depress him. His spirit rose high above it at the first of his career as Seminary president, and he did not allow it to droop, though there were difficult things to handle, and often needless friction in the denomination.

After the Great War, with its legacy of death and sorrow for so many American homes, a gaunt spectre began stalking through the land which affected all religious denominations. It was the spectre of Evolution! The country was torn from end to end with the contentions which raged about it. Many church people of all sects demanded a universal declaration through the laws of the land that God did not create the world by the process of evolution. Some Baptists were particularly insistent on this measure, forgetting that resort to courts to settle doctrinal positions was not according to the principles of Baptist origins. With the country aflame over the matter, Dr. Mullins fearlessly declared in an address in New Orleans against this method, and it was wired all over the country through the Associated Press. Of course, there was some dissent, but the principles underlying Baptist polity had been so clearly stated, that, as his address was quoted in various denominational papers, there was no gainsaying the correctness of its conclusions.

This was, however, only one point of the Baptist dissension on the matter. Many demanded that the Convention should by statement and restatement, positive and negative, forever set down the fact that God did not create the world by evolution. They refused science an assumption to the contrary as a working hypothesis, even though its greatest men declared it was far from proved—probably never would be proved, but that they simply used it as the most convenient starting point for a theory.

While the storm raged throughout the ranks of Southern Baptists, Dr. Mullins carried on a thorough educational campaign, recalling past history when Galileo, Copernicus and others were relentlessly persecuted by religionists as they made great discoveries which are now primer facts for the universe. Dr. Mullins did not believe in Evolution, himself, and did not think it could ever

be proved true by scientists, but he felt that the ministry should keep to its own great commission and leave scientists to theirs. However, there were too many sides to this great matter to attempt any complete statements here. The theory of Evolution was so erroneously utilized to make atheists of scholars in schools through the unwarranted claims of crude professors, that there were many things to be guarded in any treatment of the subject, and Dr. Mullins gave to the articles which he published in all the Southern denominational papers the utmost care and unswerving adherence to the truth as he saw it. These proved of inestimable clarifying value. At the next session of the Convention in Kansas City, Mo., he succeeded in preparing a statement as to the stand of Southern Baptists on the great disturbing matter of the day which received the hearty support of almost the entire Convention and proved a stabilizing instrument which has endured. This was one of the greatest services Dr. Mullins ever rendered to the Convention.

The $75,000,000 Campaign was a Southern Baptist undertaking which was launched with great enthusiasm at the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention, at Atlanta, in 1919. A commission was formed to work out the details. It was instructed to include the Seminary as one of the beneficiaries of the great fund, but by some mistake the Seminary was omitted. It was restored, however, at the end of the Campaign in 1924 by the Convention at its meeting of that year, at Atlanta, Ga., and received from this fund $82,857.14 toward the erection of its new buildings.

CHAPTER XVII

A EUROPEAN COMMISSION

Nineteen hundred twenty proved a year of test for the house of Mullins. When Dr. Mullins came home from the Convention of 1920, held in Washington, he brought the news that he and Dr. J. B. Gambrell had been appointed to go to Europe, to investigate the war-stricken countries, to comfort the brethren there and bring home a report that would enable the Convention agencies to determine just the way to be most helpful in old world rehabilitation on the religious side.

When he conferred with his wife alone, it was a trying event for both. She felt that the trip would be arduous enough for him alone, but to undertake the care of a man in his eightieth year on such a trip seemed exceedingly hazardous. It was hard to bring herself to favorable consideration. Then came the crisis: "I will not go if you are going to be disturbed about it." The reply was prompt, and the inquiry was an old one: "Do you feel it your duty to go?"

His answer was equally prompt, "Yes." And she knew he had fought it out for himself, so it must be the way for her, also.

Everything was bent toward preparation for the trip from that time to the sailing in mid-summer, and a most arduous trip it proved, after the restful ocean voyage was over.

Upon the arrival in London of the two Commissioners from the Southern Baptist Convention, the first thing on their schedule was attendance upon the London Baptist Conference. Gathered there for this conference were seventy representative Baptists

from all parts of the world, convened to consider the needs of post-war Europe. The gathering was of great importance, as it initiated the policy of relief and of far-reaching missionary cooperation in Europe.

It was also a meeting that tested to the full the Christian principles which underlie our Baptist faith. Here were brought together men from various countries which had just laid down arms against each other in the most terrible war the world had ever known. Their hearts were still sore and their breasts heaving with the awful rage of it. How could they sit together and in the name of Christ forget the past, remembering only that through him they could be brothers again, working together for the salvation of the world? No finer thing is in the record of our Baptist history than that they were able to do just this: to sit together in earnest council over the needs of the war-torn world. They were strong men, but there was tenderness, there were tears, there was love for one another in that meeting. No humiliating confessions were asked for or made; highest self-respect was maintained. Dr. Mullins, when he told of it at home, said the most moving thing of the whole conference was the address by the German representative.

At this meeting Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke was made Baptist Commissioner for Europe, and here it was that he and Dr. Mullins met and entered upon a fellowship that lasted through the years and increased in close relations during Dr. Mullins' presidency of the World Alliance.

It is not within the province of this story to follow the two travelers in detail as they made their way about the old world; only a few things can be singled out. Europe was a war-torn wreck, indeed. To give an idea of traveling conditions, it may be said that with broken and uncertain railroad facilities, everybody

seemed to be wanting to go somewhere! Homes were broken up, many people were starving, and they poured into the cities where they hoped to find food. One night of travel out of Bucharest for the two comes back in vivid recollection.

The city was overrun with people from the surrounding country, constantly going and coming; the ticket agent sold Dr. Mullins their tickets but said, "I will go with you into the train or I am afraid you will never manage to get on." He proved a true prophet, for it would have been absolutely impossible for them to make their way on alone. The train was packed full, even the roofs of cars filled to overflowing. The agent saw them into their reservation and then left. As Dr. Gambrell took his seat by the window, in some way he rammed his valise against it and broke out the pane. A tragedy, for the night was very cold. When the train started all lights were out, there was no heat, and the wind poured over them from the broken window through all the dragging hours. Then, to crown it all, as they sat in darkness and constant peril in the ramshackle train, they had to continually combat the people who wanted to sit in their laps! Dr. Mullins counted it a terrible experience, though he did not express himself, and Dr. Gambrell never whimpered! But he took on a very severe cold and had to go to bed when they reached their destination. There was no certainty in having a doctor in those times, and Dr. Mullins took out his homeopathic case and carried little pellets to the bedside. Dr. Gambrell had never had a homeopathic dose of anything in all his life! He looked askance at the inane pellets, but he was game: "Whatever you say goes," and he opened his mouth for the infantile dose. He was both amazed and delighted, however, to find himself promptly relieved and in a few days about and quite himself again.

They went next to Budapest, Hungary. There they had comfortable quarters, but little food was to be had in the city, and the hotels furnished scanty provisions. This lack was made up to the two travelers in a most lovely way. An artist and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jambor, had luxurious quarters and knew how to get good food. Every day for the week of their stay in Budapest the two were invited for dinner with the artist and his wife. They were cultured, delightful people, speaking English, and their kindness will ever be held in choice remembrance.

Hungary and also Roumania were refreshing in their spiritual earnestness. Dr. Mullins said their meetings were like old-time revivals, full of the power of the Holy Spirit. Why not? They had been through "great tribulations," they were still in devastation and great need. There was no other recourse to them than to meet and call on their God for help. And their chastened spirits cried out both in praise and supplication. Ah, does not all the world cry out to God when in extremity?

An interesting experience of this trip was a great meeting in Roumania. Dr. Mullins had made an address, was still standing, and in response to his message a young girl started speaking at the rear of the church, her cheeks afire, her eyes like stars. She was telling what God had done for her, how he had been with her in persecution, how he comforted and upheld her when she was in jail, for preaching Christ, and let her testify from the jail windows till great crowds gathered and the police were obliged to free her. As she talked, she moved nearer and nearer the pulpit stand, a flaming spirit, indeed, that nothing could stop. At last she stood at Dr. Mullins' feet and pled with him to come to the help of Roumania in its religious persecution. This girl was destined later to come to America for study at the Baptist Women's Train-

ing School in Louisville, and then to return for valuable service in her own country.

"Whatever you say goes," was Dr. Gambrell's motto, not only when he was sick, but at all times on this trip. He put perfect trust in whatever Dr. Mullins planned, and it was the latter's testimony on the return that no more delightful traveling companion could be found than Dr. Gambrell. He complained of nothing and his good spirits were unfailing. There was always an anecdote or a good joke at his tongue's end; and then, they could argue good-humoredly over everything under the sun.

There were amusing incidents. Dr. Gambrell was notably absent-minded. With instructions made plain, Dr. Mullins would go to attend to some baggage detail and come back, perhaps, to find Dr. Gambrell's huge figure disappearing in the opposite direction from which he had been told, and then there were a pair of tall, long-legged figures racing along station platforms. But the continental porter became Dr. Mullins' great ally. When started upon a eulogy of the tribe, Dr. Mullins humorously ascribed to him all the virtues in humanity's list. Faithful, untiring, intelligent, sacrificial, were simple encomiums. He insisted there should be a statue to the "unknown continental porter." There still remained occasions, however, when the porter perfecto was not at hand. For instance, they started to church one Sunday morning in London. Dr. Gambrell reached for his hat at the last moment and found only emptiness. In a moment both were involved in the search, but no hat was produced. Dr. Mullins simply had to go alone since no hat was forthcoming. This would have made little difference on the continent, for he could have gone without a hat, but not in staid England. The hat was found in a pile of papers by Dr. Gambrell's chair.

An almost tragic experience came to them on an attempted journey from Madrid, Spain, to Portugal. When Dr. Mullins went to buy their tickets the agent told him it was a hopeless undertaking to try to get there. "Why," he exclaimed, "they have a revolution every ten minutes!"

It seemed foolhardy to Dr. Mullins, but a Portuguese Baptist had come to meet and escort them, and insisted there would be no trouble, so Dr. Mullins yielded against his better judgment. They made an all-night trip in bitter cold in an unheated train, and next morning when they landed at the border of Portugal, there was no definite prospect of ever being able to go further; neither was there hotel nor public place where they could stop and lie down for rest, day or night. The only possibility for them was to return from whence they came on a train which might come along about 2 A.M. that night, and which, if it came, would supply no heat and no place for a moment's rest. The acme of human woes seemed to have befallen them. They stood about outdoors dejected and forlorn, too weary and cold for expression. Suddenly from the side of a shanty, a diminutive donkey, all ears and voice, sent forth a tremendous bray that lengthened out and lingered and gathered into itself all the woes of the world!

Dr. Mullins bent double with laughter and Dr. Gambrell followed suit. This unrestrained merriment saved their lives, Dr. Mullins always declared. Their blood began to circulate, they were at once alert and positive. That train *had* to come along that night, and they would take it and return, even though it meant another sleepless night's travel.

The train did come along after they had told the Lord of their desperate need, and they boarded it at 2 A.M., already chilled through, to sit like stones through the night in the unheated car.

Dr. Mullins said he was so cold he had absolutely no feeling from his waist down.

When they reached Madrid he was ill, though Dr. Gambrell this time was unphased by the experience. With high fever, Dr. Mullins said he did not see how he could get to Paris, but with the sailing date for home fixed for the near future, and the schedule made up with exactness until that date, he *had* to get to Paris! He took out his homeopathic case, went to work as his own physician, and with that many-virtued porter again to help him, he made the trip to Paris under high fever. At Paris he could pause to take breath. He continued his medicine and miraculously, it seemed to Dr. Gambrell, he was able to go on to London at the appointed time.

Another interesting experience of personal character awaited him in London. He had stored his trunk in London, containing things he would not need on the continent. It must be gotten out now, and preparations made for the voyage home. So he went to the storage place and, remembering exactly where it had been placed, he followed the official to the spot. But lo! the trunk was not there. The official could offer no explanation; the trunk had mysteriously disappeared. Suddenly Dr. Mullins exclaimed:

"There it is! There's my trunk." They went over to the spot he indicated and sure enough it was, indeed, there. But tied to its strap was a note addressed to Dr. E. Y. Mullins. He opened it and it proved to be from a lady who said his trunk had been sent to her by mistake and she was returning it. The note was signed, Mrs. E. Y. Mullins! He stood dazed. Mrs. E. Y. Mullins! Was his wife there in London—and had she left his bed and board? When his senses had "unreeled," as Uncle Remus would say, he had to come to the conclusion that there was somewhere a second Mrs. E. Y. Mullins; and this proved true, for his

other half was waiting at home, as a packet of nineteen letters from her had just testified. But he never solved the riddle of the other lady bearing his name.

During their stay in London they were invited to luncheon with Lloyd George at the famous No. 10 Downing Street, home of England's Premiers, for this was Lloyd George's position at that time. Keen, witty, attractive, he proved a delightful host; and while there, the two who had seen the religious persecutions of Roumania, put in a plea for any intervention that might be possible for the Premier. England's influence after the war was powerful.

From London they went up to Scotland, a delightful trip, and then over to Ireland. Dr. Mullins said that Ireland was physically the most beautiful spot in the world to him. It seemed a jewel dropped from the Master's hand. But its people at that time did not suggest any heavenly connections! They were almost torn asunder with internal dissensions, for this was the period when Irish troubles were at their height.

The two sojourners completed their program of speaking in London—which was a strenuous one—did a little shopping for their loved ones, and sailed for home at the appointed time. Among other things, Dr. Mullins brought a beautiful Paris evening gown for his wife which fitted her perfectly! A marvel of a shopper was he!

When the voyage was over and Dr. Mullins within comfortable reach of home, he talked with his wife over long distance. Then when the night came on which he was expected, she boarded the train at an out station and had an hour's ride with him into and around the city to the Union Depot. The happiness of that little ride was beyond compare. All the superlatives in the English language could not describe it! The anxieties of a six-months'

stay in devastated Europe were over. Then, at the station, there were the students to welcome their homecoming president and give their lively "yells." It was a happy time all around. His return home was just before Christmas, in time to light up the holly and the mistletoe!

Reporters got the news of his arrival, and he had no more than touched his bed before they were at the telephone, wanting to know all about his European trip, and when he unwittingly mentioned beautiful Ireland, they were ravenous for impressions! Dr. Mullins had no idea how America had become involved in the Irish question during his absence, and between the struggle for brevity and for courtesy, said some mild things about the Irish situation. He found later that he had thrown a match in a tinder box! No one could possibly satisfy everybody on that subject at the time; the newspaper articles that followed were many of them hot, and he found it necessary to turn his attention to the Irish question as he had never dreamed of doing!

Dr. Mullins was one of Louisville's first public citizens to make a general tour of Europe after the war, and he was flooded with local invitations to speak. So responsive was he to the love and admiration of his home town that he found it hard to refuse. Besides, he could speak with a freedom and abandon that made it a joy. So it was a busy winter; then in the spring a complex speaking program over the South was arranged for him, necessitating often speaking at one point in the morning, hurrying to another for the afternoon by automobile, and perhaps to still a third point for the night. It proved a most strenuous itinerary, and left him greatly depleted, with an irregular heart. Few, if any, knew it, for Dr. Mullins never complained.

So often did Dr. Mullins speak in Louisville, for orders of various sorts, for clubs, for dinners, for churches, for civic pur-

poses, for the negroes, that it may be safe to say that no man in Louisville was more widely known. Every plumber, gas man or workman of any sort who came to his home would smile when he learned whose house it was, and say "I know him," "I heard him speak last week," etc.

An illustration of this came in an interesting incident. Mrs. Mullins had become fond of an old lady at a church Home—an old lady of refinement, culture, and wealth at one time. Death came to her at last and Dr. and Mrs. Mullins went to the funeral. They had inquired the time and arrived at the cemetery twenty minutes ahead, but after waiting outside a moment for the procession to appear, the gatekeeper came up and asked what they wished. Dr. Mullins told him, and the keeper said, "Why, the funeral is over; see, the people are coming out."

Disappointed, Mrs. Mullins asked to drive to the lot where her friend was buried that they might at least pay that tribute. They drove in, easily found the lot, which was large, having been bought when money was plenty.

As they stood in the car before it, two humble old friends of the Home came up to Mrs. Mullins and exclaimed, "They haven't buried her in the right place!" Mrs. Mullins instantly joined them and saw in truth that the grave was not in between the two with headstones marked, "Father" and "Son," but off in a corner alone. Just then the man in charge, who had been unmoved by the lament of the old friends, saw Dr. Mullins, and instantly he said, "If you will go to the office and get a permit from her bank, I will have a new grave dug for tomorrow morning and she shall rest in the vault tonight." It was almost five o'clock, but they flew to the office, got the permit from the bank and were back again in time to do this last kindness to one who had survived her kindred.

To complete the story, when the old lady's will was opened, a beautiful necklace, belonging to the times of plenty, was bequeathed to Mrs. Mullins.

The next May, at the Southern Baptist Convention, which met in Chattanooga, Dr. Mullins was elected president of the Convention. This was not unexpected, for it had been urged upon him for months. His wife did not approve. She knew his burdens should not be added to by one iota, but her judgment was overruled, and she has no blame for anyone and no regret that he yielded to the desire of others, for it was all in God's plan for him. His service to the denomination during the years that he occupied this position is known by all the Convention's constituents. He never accepted any position that he did not do his best to fulfill its duties. But there was joy in his household when the Convention burden was laid down in the spring of 1924.

Dr. Mullins was always in demand by other denominations. He was wanted for their general meetings, North and South, to preach or make addresses, while in his home city there were churches who invariably turned to him if there was an available Sunday: notably, the First Lutheran Church and the Fourth Avenue Methodist, while with the Second Presbyterian Church he had a very close, affectionate tie. They often said he belonged to them.

The need for his services was growing rapidly world-wide, however. In the summer of 1922, there was an urgent call for him to come to London for conference on Baptist world interests. He was reluctant to take the time, but it was to be only a trip over, ten days' stay and then a quick return. Mrs. Mullins felt that here was an opportunity for real rest for him, but unfortunately something went wrong in the culinary department of the ship which laid about forty passengers low, Dr. Mullins among

them. For days he could neither eat nor sleep. How he managed to get off the ship and on to the train for London he never knew, but when he was seated a wise porter stood before him and looked him over. He was a colored porter. At last he spoke: "Boss, I knows what you needs." "All right," was Dr. Mullins' feeble answer. He never inquired what that porter brought him; all he knew was that life came slowly back and after a little he ate a bit of the food the porter placed before him. He attended all the meetings of the committee which he was asked to join in London, and did his best in council with them, but he did not feel in the least like himself until he was two days out on the ocean on his return voyage.

CHAPTER XVIII

BUILDING DREAMS AND PLANS

Life constantly became more and more complicated for Dr. Mullins as the years went by.

Dr. Robertson said in an address upon Dr. Mullins since his death: "Now the most wonderful thing about this man was that he arose to each occasion as they kept on coming; new phases of his nature and life constantly rose to the surface, and as God raised him up, he kept on growing until he was equal to any demand that was made on him."

Teaching conditions were impossible in the downtown section, as the noise of traffic increased. The old buildings were totally inadequate. There must be a new plant built as early as possible. A lot was bought February 13, 1911. The land about Louisville which would be at all suitable was becoming exceedingly scarce, and this fine tract seemed most desirable, elevated with a gradual slope to the apex, and with wonderful old trees and shrubs. It was located in what then looked to be the path of the best type of residential building. There were about 45 acres in the tract. So this had been bought and paid for, and was standing ready for the advent of the new buildings. But the Great War had come in between and changed many things. Not long thereafter Louisville had decided to extend her borders and took in many fine tracts of land, especially beyond and around Cherokee Park. Owners were, in many instances, in panic. They could not afford to pay city taxes on large tracts of land, and some tracts were soon on the market. Through a hint from Mr. George W.

Norton, which sent Dr. Mullins to Mr. J. M. Atherton, a private tip was given that a beautiful tract could be bought on Lexington Road almost opposite Mr. Atherton's own place; and that gentleman, over eighty, was as interested in locating the Seminary there as if he meant soon to begin his theological education! The tract was the favorite spot in all the environs of Louisville to Dr. Mullins and his wife, and had been for years. The noble hill which rose from the road with its beautiful grove of century-old beeches was always a delight; but in the fall when the trees of every sort were in their glory of flame and orange and shading green, strewing the ground with luxurious abandon, "The Beeches" were an unending delight to them. Day after day they would drive out in the late afternoon just to see the changes which each twenty-four hours had brought. Dr. Mullins would eagerly remark: "How I would like that glory-crowned hill for our Seminary! Wouldn't the buildings rise from there like a heavenly vision?"

They would rejoice over the thought of such an impossible dream. But that it could ever come true was beyond even their faith. So unmindful humanity is of the possibilities of God's mysterious ways.

But his way was promptly revealed after the interview with Mr. J. M. Atherton. The old lot was sold, and "The Beeches" were bought on August 21, 1921. It was a remarkably well-timed purchase. The sale was consummated in the moment of panic with large tract owners after being taken into the city's limits, and just before the sub-division idea caught real estate men and owners of these large suburban tracts. What an ideal sub-division "The Beeches" would have made, must have been the lament on many sides. Two other adjacent lots were soon bought to make a site sufficiently large. Altogether the tract was about 53 acres.

From the moment of these purchases the new Seminary was the day-and-night dream of the Mullins' household.

But the intermediate days were very busy. More and more entertaining was necessary as the Seminary grew and contacts extended. Students were invited to come to the president's home *en masse* and in groups of all sorts: Dr. Mullins' classes, the new students, the Training School girls, the wives of married students, the musical group, the foreign group—one of the most interesting and rewarding of all. And perhaps the story may be told here of how at one of the foreign group meetings, these boys from all over the world sang their national songs. How beautiful some of them were; how solemn others, with almost funereal gloom; how light and gay and tripping some, how quaintly distinctive still others. Now it so happened on this occasion that Dr. Mullins was booked for an address on "The International Mind," at the Woman's Club for the International Relations Committee—a new one in the official club list. Mrs. Mullins was one of this committee's six organizers, but the selection of Dr. Mullins as first speaker for the committee before the club, was made purposely during her absence and later triumphantly announced to her. Mrs. Mullins was publicity head for the committee, and declared that she would do her best for her husband, just as she would for the husband of anyone else! As the group of foreigners sang in her home their national songs, and then all joined in "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the idea of putting them on for this at the Woman's Club when Dr. Mullins gave his lecture, flashed into her mind. It was as good as done! The foreign group, which included some girls from the Training School, were proud and happy to re-enforce Dr. Mullins with his lecture. Foreign costumes were brought forth from their trunks, and with a beautiful stage setting which had been especially prepared, they made a most picturesque scene

as they surrounded Dr. Mullins for his lecture. And when they sang their national hymns the audience was highly responsive, calling for and receiving encores. The big auditorium in the new clubhouse was filled to overflowing, and it was one of the most notable events which had been held there. The lecture was pronounced one of the best the speaker had ever given in Louisville.

Dr. Mullins' life was full of turning-aside events, such as this just described, as well as of those that crowded the straight course. So packed the days were, that when he would call from the old Seminary late in the afternoon to ask if his wife would like to go for a drive, she would often say, "No," with positiveness. "I am not tired," he would return. "But you ought to be," she would counter. Then would follow a positive, "No! Come home and put your car up and rest"; or sometimes she would yield, he would soon drive up in the car and then they would "browse" or "meander," as she called it, for an hour on unfrequented streets and talk of the many things that interested them.

Book-making was always in the life schedule for them. Dr. Mullins was working as he could on his *Christianity at the Cross Roads,* which he felt that the aftermath of the war made imperative. There should be clarifying interpretations and impelling new appeal for the religion of Christ. She was listener and companion for this, as usual, and at the same time her new books came along with easy regularity. She claimed no great talents and her writing never had precedence over anything else! Never in all the writing that she did was there five minutes devoted exclusively to the business of literature. She was open always to the calls of her house, of friends, of church and club interests, and the work of her husband was the paramount thing in life. She did all his telephoning at home, and sidetracked any call for him that came, if it were possible. In fact "sidetracked" is not wholly the word,

for she became most adroit in convincing people that she knew exactly how to solve the riddle that they wanted to present to him!

So her books grew like weeds and straying flowers by the wayside, and were a most rewarding joy in the touch that came to her with young people from all over the country who had enjoyed or found benefit from them, while reviewers and good sales gave spice to life.

Mrs. Mullins' increased list of books included by this time, *Tweedie, Uncle Mary, Timothy's Second Wife, Captain Pluck,* and *When Yesterday Was Young.* Here she said, "No more books for me!" Life was too full of other things for further attention to weeds and flowers by the wayside. But the two enjoyed their shelf of home-produced books. And such high gala times there were on the great days when either completed a new volume! He had eleven with his latest book, and she had twelve. He had another in the making and they would soon have been even if. . . .

Too full entirely was his life. Mrs. Mullins had a sudden realization sometime about 1922 that, since there were no children to look after matters in the future, it was her duty to foresee coming needs. One day a portrait would be desired to represent her husband in the line of presidents at the Seminary. That must be her task. Immediately she set about choosing an artist. After considering artists at home and abroad, she settled upon one who had begun his career in Louisville. But he had won laurels in the big cities, New York and Chicago, and spent a part of his time every year abroad. He was Charles Snead Williams, and very difficult then to secure for Louisville work. She talked with him, having a fortunate opportunity, and he said he did not know anything he would better enjoy doing than a portrait of Dr. Mullins; the only difficulty was to fit it in with his engagements already

made. As it turned out, it took a year and a half to do this, and frequent reminders of various sorts from Mrs. Mullins to the busy artist. At last in the latter part of June, 1924, there came a special message to her from Chicago asking if Dr. Mullins could sit for Mr. Williams the next morning. Mrs. Mullins sent a message in reply that he could.

Dr. Mullins knew about the efforts to secure the artist, but it had been a postponed, and, therefore, rather intangible proposition —nothing to be concerned about. When Mrs. Mullins informed him that she had made an engagement for him to sit the next morning that was quite another matter. A serious matter. Consternation was his first reaction; next, triumphant impossibility!

"Why, I haven't the time to sit day after day having my portrait painted!"

"Now," said Mrs. Mullins, "your family is going to speak for its rights. You have almost been turned over to the Seminary in your entirety. But there is a small remnant your family claims, and in that remnant is the right to your portrait!"

There was instant capitulation. Dr. Mullins was a good fighter, but when he surrendered it was complete. He gave his first sitting at the appointed time the next morning and was at once interested in the process. The artist wanted no stiffly held poses, he wanted his subject interested, and being a man of culture and travel the two found many mutual interests. Mrs. Mullins was an onlooker at every sitting, expecting to criticize; but she found if she waited a bit the artist saw the thing she had in mind. It was a most successful venture, the portrait a remarkable likeness, three-quarter length sitting, and the work was such that the workman need not be ashamed.

Thoughts and plans for building of the new Seminary filtered through everything. Gamble Rogers, of New York, had been se-

cured as architect, and gave to the conception of a plan genuine interest and study. He finally determined on the Colonial style of architecture as best adapted to the beauty of the lot which had been selected, also as being the most economical, and from every point of view the most satisfactory. His first drawings of Norton Hall and Mullins Hall were done in water color and were artistically beautiful. This put the dream of the school into the concrete, gave Dr. Mullins reassurance, and when he carried these pictures and showed them before the Southern Baptist Convention they created high enthusiasm.

At last the time came for the signing of contracts, and the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees together with the group of contractors, met around Dr. Mullins' bedside; for he was ill at the time—and this often proved to be the necessary meeting place during the time of building. When this first meeting was over, the papers signed and both parties gone, he said to his wife, his eyes shining: "I have made the plunge! Now, the Lord will have to see me through."

CHAPTER XIX

CROWNING HONORS

Preparatory work on the part of contractors for the new buildings took some time, and the World Alliance meeting in Stockholm, Sweden, came during this period. Dr. Mullins was being openly considered for the presidency. Everything that had come to him in the progress of his religious life had come without the least intimation of its advent. He was converted without previous intention of seeking Christ. He went into the ministry at God's call with extreme reluctance. His position as head of the boarding hall at the Seminary while a student, which made it possible for him to stay for a full course, came to him most unexpectedly; his calls to his three pastorates were wholly surprises, his call to the Seminary as its president was totally unlooked for. So the Master had planned his life. When he was made president of the Southern Baptist Convention, in 1921, that was the first duty and honor for him of which he had previous intimation. It was interesting to see his reaction to the necessity of considering an important work in the offing and likely to be his. In neither of the two instances was there the least perturbation. His life was as surely under God's direction in these two instances of forewarning, as it had been when he was taken unaware. The Book of books was at hand, as it always had been, and he knew how to reach the throne of grace. There was neither the least anxiety, nor one iota of elation. He went the even tenor of his way, his faith and trust complete—and this was the secret of Dr. Mullins' efficiency and great accomplishments. They were not due, certainly, to

physical robustness as a backing for his taxing mental and administrative duties. During the period of building the Seminary, and of his great accomplishments in world-wide usefulness, life for him was a continual fight against physical handicaps. But it was a fight royal. When the enemy laid him low, as frequently happened, he came back with resiliency and untouched spirit.

The trip to Stockholm was taken with as much dispatch as possible. Mrs. Mullins' brother lay very ill in a Louisville hospital when he left, with no hope of recovery.

The Baptist hosts know that Dr. Mullins was made president of the World Alliance at that meeting. The Louisville afternoon papers, on the day of his election, came out with big headlines announcing the fact. Mrs. Mullins immediately cabled her joy and pride, while Dr. Mullins' cable to her was crossing the ocean the same moment, sharing with her his high honor.

A few days after his return, Mrs. Mullins' brother, R. W. Hawley, passed into life eternal. The beautiful town of Mt. Dora, nestling among the great lakes of central Florida, had been his home. He, a bachelor, had been a brother beloved by both Dr. and Mrs. Mullins.

With headship of three great organizations, the Seminary, the Southern Baptist Convention, the Baptist World Alliance, and the building plans under way, things had descended upon Dr. Mullins in an avalanche. Very soon after his return, the people of Louisville planned a great banquet in honor of their First Citizen, as they were pleased to term him. It was enthusiastically made ready for November 23, 1923. The function was unique. No invitations were given. Tickets were issued covering the capacity of the great ballroom of the new Brown Hotel with its surrounding enclosures, and anyone who wished could come. So the gathering included Louisville's elite, its great middle class,

and working men and women of humbler type of whom there were not a few. A brilliant gathering it proved, however, to be, and Judge Bingham, a world citizen himself, and owner of the *Courier-Journal and Times*, presided with all the grace and charm his city has come to expect from him. It was, indeed, a notable occasion, and good things enough were said of Dr. Mullins to last him a lifetime! A beautiful service consisting of six pieces of solid silver was presented to him, engraved in the center of the tray, "From the Citizens of Louisville."

Formal "breaking of ground" for the new Norton Hall of the Seminary took place on November 29, 1923. Dr. Mullins was urged to put the first spade in, but Mr. George W. Norton followed, with the faculty, executive committee, and a number of students joining in with vigor. Little children of the faculty and students also had part in the lively process. This was late in the fall, however; cold weather soon set in, and not much work was done until the following spring. The cornerstone laying came on November 5, 1924, Miss Lucie U. Norton laying the stone. The work went rapidly forward from that time.

As an illustration of Dr. Mullins' persistence in his work in spite of illness, comes back the memory of a trip to New York in August of 1924. He had to make frequent trips there for conference with Gamble Rogers, the architect. On this particular trip he was taken very ill on the train and got into New York completely incapacitated for work. But he went to Mr. Rogers' office for the conference, and though it was plainly to be seen that he could scarcely sit up, transacted the business for which he had come, and then he was escorted by four interested men to a hospital. The trouble was tided over so he could soon return home, and on his arrival he said briskly to his wife that he would get the

car and they would go out to see how the building was coming on. With a wife's keen eye, she replied:

"You look to me like a man who needed to go to bed."

He assured her he was all right, but she insisted on rest for him as the first thing on their program; and when she had him in bed, he admitted that he had come from a hospital in New York. An infection whose source could not be traced had attacked him, and after he came home he grew rapidly ill again until he lay at the point of death for twenty-four hours, with an operation in immediate prospect. Suddenly prayer went up from all the neighborhood in which he lived, as he was carried in an ambulance at night to be ready for the operation next morning. But lo! next morning infection had subsided, the temperature had gone from 105½ to 96! What cannot prayer do? The physician when asked the cause of the great change, frankly said, "I do not know!"

The above does not indicate that Dr. Mullins was foolhardy in regard to his health; he simply was intent upon the thing he had to do and the spirit took little account of ills until it had to. Then, when he realized he was ill, no one was more completely submissive than he. He would do just as instructed by his physician, and cooperate in every way for recovery. He was never restless and irritable, no matter how much he wished to do something instead of lying in bed and being ill.

In September of 1924 came the celebration of Dr. Mullins' twenty-fifth anniversary with the Seminary as its president. Invitations were sent to the great schools of the world; many from this country in response sent representatives. There were three days of appropriate exercises in appreciation of his services, and a reception at his home on the last evening. It was a wonderful milestone to have passed, and he bowed his head a moment in

appreciative reverence; then took up his duties with his accustomed energy and interest.

Norton Hall moved on in building processes with good speed through 1924-1925, but Dr. Mullins was ill many times and conferences with contractors often took place around his bed, as has been indicated. Finally he was sent by his physician, Dr. George S. Coon, to Battle Creek, Michigan, for thorough diagnosis. He remained there three weeks and the difficulty was located, as had been expected, in the duodenum. An ulcer had formed there. Operation was advised, and in March, 1925, he went to the Kentucky Baptist Hospital for operation. He and his wife went down together the evening before. He was radiant. He had no doubt as to the outcome, and he was delighted that the way had been made clear for him to have the benefit of surgical help. He visited several in the hospital whom he knew during the evening, and bade his wife good-night with good cheer.

His physician, Dr. Coon, was also a distinguished surgeon, and it was his hand that held the knife on the next morning when the operation took place. Everything went well, exceedingly well, and his progress was marked with not a single drawback. He had told everybody about his operation that was coming, and Southern Baptists knew of it everywhere. His wife smiled at his sudden desire for publicity and remarked upon it. He returned, "Why, I want everybody to know it. I want my friends to think of me and pray for me."

Seldom, it is certain, that so many prayers are said for anyone, and the answer came with each glad day until he was at home again in two weeks, took up his correspondence immediately, and in two weeks more was at his usual work in all departments. The operation was most successful in relieving him of stomach conditions which had handicapped him for several years.

Mullins Hall was begun in the spring of 1925 and moved forward rapidly during the summer and following winter. At last it was finished, everything ready for occupancy, and on March 26, 1926, the professors gathered up their belongings in old Norton Hall and made their way to the new Norton Hall at "The Beeches." With some it was a wrench to the heart, so long had they worked and loved at the old building; but with tears for the past and joy for the future, they kept step to the new location. The next day, March 27, 1926, the boys moved into Mullins Hall. This was an altogether hilarious undertaking. Taken as a whole, it was remarkable how quickly and efficiently the move was made. Every detail had been carefully planned and each individual did his part.

The question may be asked why the move was made so late in the session. The answer is that defects in the work must be discovered at once in order that these might be remedied, that the buildings might be put in prime condition for the next year, and to fulfill time limits on these matters with the contractors. It was also necessary to secure insurance. The boys who had part in this move would never have missed the thrill of it, and will always cherish its memory.

It was the proudest moment of Dr. Mullins' life when chapel was held the first morning in the new plant. Above the chapel platform was a circular window. In studying the building plans, Dr. Mullins had looked long at that round window opening. He said to the architect, "Couldn't a representation of the world, with its lines of longitude and latitude, and the outline of countries in stained glass be filled in there?" The architect was delighted. "Certainly," he said. So on this first morning in the new chapel, the student body was faced with a significant reminder of the

world as their field of endeavor, a reminder beautiful and artistic as well as significant, to be before them in all the future.

From the time Dr. Mullins could trace in the concrete foundation the divisions of Norton Hall, he would point out to his wife the spot where his office would be. He was like a boy in his joy of the coming prospect, and he could not point it out too many times for his wife's jubilant response. It was another proud moment when he took possession of his office, furnished and ready for him.

The progress of those buildings had been a constant source of interest and pleasure. On the other side of this, however, was the heavy responsibility; the careful weighing of problems, the many anxieties concerning them. These seemed endless, indeed, to the watching wife; but Dr. Mullins carried them as he did all his responsibilities, putting into his task the very best he had in the way of business acumen, tact and foresight. Then, too, his philosophy of life stood him in good stead. Building on such a large scale meant many and varied contacts. He had learned through the years how to "get on" with people and one of his rules was: If any man showed misunderstanding or displeasure toward him, that man he would at once endeavor to win, if such winning involved no sacrifice of principle, for friendliness counts large as an asset in life. He exercised, during his great task, practical judgment combined with no worry, while threaded through it all was constant dependence on the guiding Word and daily supplication. With his high courage, fine poise and absolute freedom from cant, no one not so close to him as his wife ever knew how dependent he was on the spiritual in all his work.

Mr. George Norton, capitalist, and a man whose business judgment was considered of the highest quality, was intimately associated with Dr. Mullins for many years in the handling of

Seminary funds. He stated that he considered Dr. Mullins one of the finest business men he had ever known, and if he had gone into secular work he would have reached heights in the business world. On account of troubles and financial uncertainties in regard to some South-wide agencies, Dr. Mullins wrote in 1928 to the Executive Committee of the Convention suggesting that representatives be sent to each of the Convention agencies to examine its financial methods. He added, "We are ready at any moment to present Seminary books and financial methods." The suggestion was acted upon, and when investigation reached the Seminary, there was enthusiasm over the school's financial status and policies.

Dr. Gardner says in a faculty Memorial to Dr. Mullins: "It is seldom, indeed, that a man has appeared among us who could do so many and such different things, and do them so well. He will perhaps be longest remembered as President of the Baptist World Alliance. In the performance of the duties of that office he traveled widely, and came in contact with many national and theological types; but he never failed to make his contacts with them satisfying and helpful. It took a man of remarkable versatility and a wide range of sympathies to do that."

During the earlier years of Dr. Mullins' career he received a full share of honorary degrees. Beginning with the D.D. from Carson-Newman College, Tenn., in 1896, before he came to the Seminary, he had later conferred upon him, also, the D.D. from McMasters University, Canada, and LL.D. from both Richmond College, Virginia, and Baylor University, Texas. He was to have had the D.D. from Brown University, Rhode Island, but this required his presence, and at the appointed time he was too ill to go. This was in October, 1914.

CHAPTER XX

A WORLD ALLIANCE TOUR

With the buildings finished and the move having been successfully made in the spring of 1926, Dr. Mullins had to consider his responsibilities as World Alliance head. It was thought to be most desirable for him to tour again the British Isles and the continent of Europe. The people generally had not recovered from the devastation of war, and the religious interests there needed strengthening. Baptists must look after their own. So the latter part of the summer Dr. Mullins started abroad again, it being his seventh trip to Europe. It was a well-planned tour, but a strenuous one. The party going on this journey of good will and helpfulness consisted of Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke, Eastern Secretary of the World Alliance; Dr. Everett Gill, European Commissioner of the Southern Baptist Convention, and Dr. W. O. Lewis, Representative of the American Baptist Missionary Society.

The home reaction to this trip for Dr. Mullins was submissive, but full of yearning concern. His wife felt that some lengthened rest should come to her husband. During the twenty-seven years of his Seminary presidency there had never been a week of absolute relief from duties and responsibilities. He was in the middle sixties and a pause seemed to her imperative. But how to secure it was a grievous problem, she understood. So, in submission, she saw the train bear him away for the great wharves of New York to take sail for Europe once more. Her great source of comfort was that this time he would not have the care of any-

one else, but that the younger men would care for him. Dr. Rushbrooke had been to Louisville many times and she had come to trust his bigness! Bigness from every standpoint: reassuring in his quiet dependability, and restful in his delicate tact; delightful in his cultured resourcefulness. Her heart went out in appeal to Dr. Rushbrooke that he would not fail her husband in the arduous task before him. The appeal was unspoken but just as effective as though it had been sent out from the housetops.

The plan for this important undertaking was to hold a series of regional conferences. These were booked first for Barcelona, Spain, where Belgium, France, Italy, Portugal, Spain were represented; next Budapest, where Austria, Bulgaria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Roumania joined in the conference. The other points in the itinerary will be touched upon later.

The first mentioned conferences proved a decided success, were well attended and of great service to the people of Europe, who needed all the encouragement that could be brought to them from their more prosperous brethren. As for Dr. Mullins, it meant a constant ovation. The people had not forgotten his trip in 1920, when they had given him their personal love and admiration; but now he came to them as President of the Baptist World Alliance, and they put the final crown upon his head in that relationship. Traveling conditions had greatly improved since 1920 and the trip went well, with enjoyment all around in spite of the fact that in many places they must give serious heed to untoward denominational conditions; and, in some cases where there were needless disagreements, even as in America, which hindered the work. The trip, however, was not in any sense one of pleasure. Future policies of England and America as hostages for the welfare of Baptists in suffering Europe must be

wrought out on the ground, and these men were faithful to their trust.

Sometimes other things came in to give variety to their progress. In crossing Italy a handsome young Italian came into the car where they were seated. With the train official to show him the seat his ticket called for, the Italian strode toward it. Then there came from him a gesture of intense rage and indignation. A demonstration of unbalanced fury followed such as the quiet Baptist group had never seen. They felt that they must come to the rescue of the train official, but Dr. Gill, many years in Italy, restrained them. The man continued to rage and every moment it seemed there would be pistol shots and tragedy in the car, but at last with a final volley of wrath the man departed. When Dr. Gill was asked what in the world it was all about, he replied laughingly: "Why, the young man's ticket called for seat number thirteen!"

In Austria the party was joined by George W. Norton, Jr., a recent graduate of the Harvard Law School. He was anxious to have his foot upon Russian soil. It was almost impossible at that time for any one to get into the Soviet country, but Dr. Rushbrooke had found constant friendliness from Russian officials and was assured that he and his party would be allowed to go in. This was later found to be a delusion and they never were allowed upon Russian territory. But according to the old saying, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." It was proven true in this case, for Mr. Norton, though he missed getting into Russia, was a most pleasant addition to the party, bringing his youth and freshness to quicken the jaded spirits of the older men.

It was at Lodz, Poland, that the effort to enter Russia was given up, and there were ten unoccupied days which were to have been spent there. Dr. Mullins proceeded to take advantage of

this by developing a very severe cold. In nothing, as he said, did he ever show superior judgment, for in Lodz is located the Peabody-Montgomery Memorial Hospital, dedicated to those two splendid women, Mrs. Helen Barret Montgomery, of Rochester, New York, and Dr. Mullins' old friend, Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, of Mass. He soon found himself comfortably placed there, and receiving every attention from the efficient German nurses who managed it, with young Dr. Speidel (a familiar home name among Louisville doctors) attending him, while Dr. Gill remained to see that all went well. The others proceeded to different points. With ten days and nothing to do, he came out in good shape for the continuance of the trip, and went on up into Latvia where he made an address at Riga. There were four more stops, at Konigsberg, Berlin, Gelsenkirchen and Copenhagen, where they turned their faces toward England. Arrived there, a great program had been arranged; Dr. Mullins made several notable addresses and found the greatest ovation awaiting him. There were public meetings, luncheons, evening functions, and Lloyd George was not too occupied with political things to act on one occasion as presiding officer.

Dr. MacNeill, President of the Baptist World Alliance succeeding Dr. Mullins, quotes English reaction to the conferences: "It may be well questioned whether, since Oncken began his historical work on the continent of Europe, anything had taken place that would compare in range and power and influence with the Regional Conferences of that tour which Dr. Mullins made."

The severe cold, however, had not left Dr. Mullins without after effects, and the London meetings were a serious strain upon his heart. He was glad of the next thing on his program which took him up into Scotland, where Dr. Gill and his family were then making their home and who gave him most cordial welcome.

He attended the meeting which had been arranged for him at Aberdeen by the Baptist Union of Scotland. There he made more addresses and held conference with strategic men. Then he returned to London, and after a little shopping, speedily made his way to the vessel which bore him home. Again there was joy unspeakable, as he was back once more safely. And to take his car and go out to the Seminary was almost like seeing the beautiful new plant for the first time! He hovered over it as an artist might over a new picture which had realized a dream for him.

But it must not be forgotten that his return to his home city was most dramatic. During his stay in London he had succeeded in winning the World Alliance committee to the idea of preparing a petition to the government heads in Roumania, asking them to grant religious freedom to the minority religionists of that country. This petition was to be circulated over the world, particularly in England and America, and finally presented to the League of Nations, if necessary. The idea caught the ear of the London press, and when Dr. Mullins arrived in New York, he was met at the steamer by reporters from the great New York papers, wanting particulars on this subject. The press was especially keen on the matter, for Queen Marie was visiting in America at the time, and anything about her country was news. His brief stay in New York was filled with interviews given press representatives. When he reached home, reporters from Louisville papers were at the station and filled the taxi with him as he came home. He tried to satisfy them and bade them a cheery "Good-night," but the moment he touched the bed they were ringing the telephone, and not only wanting to know about the Roumanian matter but about his entire trip. He learned next day that Queen Marie was expected almost immediately in Louisville, and though he could not recall the interviews already given, he

did his best to keep out of the press any unpleasant facts of his finding during Queen Marie's visit to Louisville. He felt that so much courtesy was due her while she accepted the hospitality of his home city. It so happened that she had discouraging news from the King while in Louisville, cancelled all further engagements and went directly to New York, taking a steamer on the following Sunday for her home. The week previous *The New York Times* had wired Dr. Mullins for an article on religious persecution in Roumania and he had sent it on, so it came out in the *Times,* over a column in length, on the very day that Queen Marie set sail for home. She sent back her last letter to the American people from the tug boat just as the steamer started full force ahead. In that letter she said that her people did not know religious liberty as America knew it, but that they were growing and would soon come into a full realization of it. Undoubtedly she read the *Times'* article on that last Sunday morning. At any rate Dr. Mullins' vigorous protest bore substantial fruit.

Dr. Mullins showed fatigue after his return home, and all felt that he should have rest; but with the financing details of building, and the arrangement of the long-term lease for old Norton Hall property which required months of negotiation, there was not a moment when he could leave for an extended stay away. The trip to Europe had taken all the time he could give at that juncture. The school year went through without especial incidents and the time of the Southern Baptist Convention meeting was near at hand, when it was to come to Louisville in a joyful celebration of the completion of the new Seminary plant. Just before this event Dr. Mullins had to make a trip to Arkansas and was caught in the flood district, held in the midst of water in a train for twenty-four hours; then, when released, made a long detour in an open automobile through floods and cold to reach a

point from which there was possibility to take a train for Louisville. He came in just before the closing exercises of his school and the meeting of the Convention which was immediately to follow.

At the Seminary the coming of the Convention had been planned for as a gala occasion of transcending joy. Dr. Mullins had thrilled for a year every time he thought of presenting the new plant to the Convention. Then there were delightful family plans under way. Dr. Mullins had six living sisters and they were to come to share in the festivities. On April 29 they began to arrive, more came on the thirtieth, and still others on Sunday in time for the Commencement sermon of the Seminary in the afternoon of May first. This was held at the Seminary chapel on a beautiful May day, but Mrs. Mullins noted with concern that the exposure in Arkansas had brought a heavy cold for Dr. Mullins. She spoke privately to a sister that night, saying she felt Dr. Mullins would be in bed next day and there would have to be some rearranging in the house. So this sister was prepared the next morning when Dr. Mullins, who had been temporarily put on the third floor, had to be brought down to the second for convenience in nursing. He grew very ill rapidly, and the gay house party of six sisters, two nieces and a nephew, was instantly subdued, while a trained nurse was added to the household. A most remarkable thing happened, however; the sisters maintained quiet, unbroken cheerfulness, everybody was unobtrusively helpful, and the days of danger from bronchial pneumonia passed under the uplift of spiritual confidence and equanimity. There is no doubt that this helped to turn the tide for Dr. Mullins. When the days of extreme danger had passed, he turned to his wife with a rueful smile: "Isn't it a shame, that after all my dreaming of the glorious

moment of turning over the new Seminary plant to the Convention, I should be lying prone like this."

With quiet humor he said it, and there was not the least tinge of rebellion. Life, however, had begun to strike minor notes for him.

Everybody was determined that the house party should not be a failure. Friends saw that the sisters, nieces and nephew were taken to the Convention, sending cars for them every morning, and some pleasant social affairs were prepared for them. As Dr. Mullins was better by this time, a little gaiety was arranged for him, though he was not allowed interviews with anyone. The visiting ladies were invited to a luncheon at the Brown Hotel; Mrs. Mullins suggested that each sister and the two nieces select two dresses from their wardrobes, carry them in on hangers and ask Dr. Mullins to select which each one was to wear. It was enthusiastically agreed to, and the eight women of his own blood filed silently around his bed holding up their best gowns. The humor of it caught Dr. Mullins, he concentrated on the matter, and made his selections without hesitation. He always knew instantly what he liked, whether it was melodies, dress or a treatise on theology! Then, when all were attired for the luncheon, they filed smilingly around his bed again for his approval.

Dr. Mullins' absence from the entire Convention was constantly lamented, and it was said that his spiritual presence was so marked that it was believed by many more effective than if he could have been present in the body. Constant manifestation of personal interest from every quarter kept Mrs. Mullins receiving callers or answering the telephone.

After the move was made to "The Beeches," Mrs. Robertson, custodian of Seminary memories, happened to speak in Mrs. Mullins' presence of part of an old secretary which had belonged to

Dr. Boyce and had been left in old Norton Hall to go the way of things dilapidated and of the past. Mrs. Mullins investigated, found no one laid any claim to it, and had it moved at once out to her basement. Then she called in a cabinetmaker to see if anything desirable could be made from the old fragment. The artist in things antique viewed the piece carefully, and exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Mullins, this will make a beautiful desk for a man."

Nothing could have so thrilled his listener. It so happened that she had looked all summer for a suitable new desk for Dr. Mullins. He, like most men, clung to the old which had stood him in good stead for over thirty years, and any interloper which should venture in to take its place must be an almost absolute replica of the old. So every desk that had been discovered and submitted to his critical eye was found wanting. She had given up in despair, and reconciled herself to the shabbiness of the thing he loved.

But here, here was an entrancing possibility! The new desk could be made like the old in all its equipment, and be fashioned out of that lovely piece of walnut which had stood in Dr. Boyce's library when the Seminary was born! She took the cabinet man immediately to Dr. Mullin's library and he confirmed her swift day-dream. It could be made as much like the old one as was desired, but the beautiful hand-carving of the Boyce secretary must be retained, and the little cabinets with their pigeon holes and tiny satin-wood drawers—all in perfect condition.

The old remnant was the top of the secretary, a high piece with four broad shelves and the little cabinets at the center base. So there was abundant material. The cabinetmaker said he could, and would without fail, have it ready by Thanksgiving, and he was as good as his word.

So, on Thanksgiving, 1927, the new desk stood in Dr. Mullins' library, and a surprise had been planned for the faculty and their wives. They were invited to a buffet supper for that evening, and when the guests arrived the doors into the library were closed, and the ladies who went upstairs to lay aside their wraps found Mrs. Mullins unusually entertaining, in fact, she held them all there until the last guest arrived. Then the ladies went down together, and while they were being greeted by the gentlemen, the doors into the library were opened, and at the first lull, all were invited into the library and the new desk was displayed, Dr. Mullins telling its history, then reading part of a letter from Miss Elizabeth Boyce, one of three daughters of Dr. Boyce who live in Washington. Mrs. Mullins had written asking if they remembered anything interesting in the history of the old secretary, and this was the answer:

"Not having seen the secretary since I left Greenville as a school girl, I am a bit vague in some things about it. I think the base was in table form, with a long, broad drawer in it. I recall the top part which had a small cabinet in the middle and pigeon holes in each side. About the top, somewhere, was a secret spring which when pressed enabled one to lift up that part revealing a long, wide, deep space. In this father kept a rifle for many years.

"I was especially impressed by this secret receptacle, for, as a little child, when our home was raided at the end of the Civil War by some Michigan troops, I accompanied father with his escort of soldiers all over the house, holding on tightly to the skirt of his coat. We went upstairs and down until we reached the study at the end of the house, the young fellows swearing and threatening all the time to shoot him and burn the house down if they found he had hidden anything. They were especially

anxious to find silver, jewelry and weapons of any kind. Father assured them that all such things had been sent away over a month before.

"In the study they commenced to pull out the books and throw them on the floor as they searched the shelves. Suddenly a man touched the secret spring, and the receptacle flew open revealing the gun which father had completely forgotten was there. The soldiers were furious, and for a time it looked as though they would carry out their threats, but father explained that the rifle was unloaded and had been completely forgotten. His cool and courteous demeanor had its effect and they soon quieted down."

The desk was greatly admired, and, indeed, it was a beautiful thing. The wood in its natural color showed lovely brown tints and the design was artistically good. Dr. Mullins explained that it had been given to him by his wife, but only during his tenure of the office of president of the Seminary; then it was to be passed on to other presidents, he ended smilingly.

The desk was afterward made ready for this entailed ownership by a copper plate inset which gives its complete history.

CHAPTER XXI

MINOR NOTES

Dr. Mullins did not recuperate from the attack of bronchitis as he had from every other illness which had beset him. There was no resilient come-back. He did not grasp eagerly the privilege of getting up once more, and the body for the first time seemed listless, though the mind never flagged. His physician, Dr. Coon, went over his summer engagements with him and ruthlessly struck out at least half, while he was instructed to slow up on everything. A final tour for him had been arranged for World Alliance interests. He was to go the latter part of the summer to South Africa, to New Zealand and to Australia. His itinerary had been definitely prepared and speaking dates for him were fixed. Mrs. Mullins was greatly in favor of this trip, for it meant long restful days on the ocean, when no one could disturb his peace of mind. But after that severe illness she was unwilling for him to go and face the uncertainties of travel anywhere. The faculty felt as she did and the projected tour was cancelled.

At the Southern Baptist Convention meeting in 1926 the Seminary Trustees expressed concern about Dr. Mullins' overdoing, and insisted that he take a four months' rest, setting aside a thousand dollars to cover expenses of such a rest. He appreciated their interest and promised to take the rest. The World Alliance tour, however, had to come in the summer and fall of that year, and, as has been seen, there were many matters of business which pressed upon his return, and another absence from the Seminary seemed impossible. The faculty, however, were also

concerned and urged him to go away, whatever might be the outcome. Accordingly in March, 1927, he set forth on a round of visits, as he said. He went to Atlanta and loafed and talked with friends; then he did the same at Nashville, at Raleigh and at Greenville, South Carolina. But, unfortunately, he took cold at Atlanta, and though he made the other visits, covering about three weeks in all, the cold persisted and he returned home rather worse than better from his outing. The Convention meeting in Louisville soon followed with the severe attack of bronchitis for him and the resultant depletion of strength. He could not be persuaded to go away again for recuperation.

So he took the summer of 1927 quietly, staying at home largely. He had said frequently, with all the travel he must make for his tasks, staying at home was the greatest treat in life for him.

Dr. Mullins always had the keenest interest in civic affairs, local, state and national. He studied public questions and felt it a duty to form opinions upon them. There was a bill before the Committee on Education of the House of Representatives of the 70th Congress. In brief it was a bill to create a Department of Education to put educational matters for the states under Federal control. Dr. Mullins instantly opposed it. In a hearing before this committee in Washington, May, 1928, Judge Edmund F. Trabue, of Louisville, in the course of his argument said:

"I would like right here to quote from one of the greatest educators in the United States; a man who is president of the International Organization of Baptists, the most prominent Baptist in the world:

> Dr. Mullins: In my judgment there are most cogent reasons for opposing this effort. Centralized bureaucratic education proved a deadly power under the recently deceased German Imperial Government. It standardized the life out of the education system itself and in due time out of the Government. The genius of American

> Government and Institutions calls for the free play of individualism, particularly in the higher intellectual and spiritual interests.
>
> State control of the public school system is as far as we can afford to go in centralization. A Federal Department of Education would dominate state systems as surely as the sun controls the planets. We might get a certain kind of efficiency coupled with death. It would be the efficiency of a mechanism, not of a living organism. A French official connected with public education was delighted with the description of our American state system as given by one of our college presidents: "How splendid! You have room for variety, freedom and initiative. In France we are bound hand and foot." (Quoted from Hearing before the Committee on Education, House of Representatives, 70th Congress, First Session.)

This is only one instance of Dr. Mullins' effective influence in National affairs.

The last year went through as usual, filled with details of all sorts, and spring came around again with the 1928 Commencement at hand. Dr. Mullins had had no cold during the winter and seemed just as usual, his mind and body alert; but the day after school closed and Commencement was over, he showed extreme fatigue—so pronounced that Mrs. Mullins quietly called the physician. After careful examination he said he saw nothing wrong, but Dr. Mullins should rest, stay in bed the whole of next day—which he willingly did.

The Southern Baptist Convention came on apace. Dr. Mullins was there and a lively and effective figure in all its proceedings. There were important things before the Convention and he gave his best that the right, as he saw it, might prevail. Those who watched him at that meeting say he seemed electrified, swaying things with a high spiritual power. The spirit, indeed, was rapidly taking control of the body.

After the Convention he had two engagements, one at Greenville, S. C., and the other at Raleigh, N. C., with the World

Alliance meeting in Toronto, Canada, following not long after. His wife was concerned over the two engagements, saying she thought there should be nothing for him to do until the Alliance meeting. He agreed with her but said he had made the engagements more than a year before, and did not realize just how things were going to converge. But an engagement made was an engagement kept with him if it was at all possible.

"I have my World Alliance address all ready, you know," he smiled, and she smiled in happy response for that had been in the making for months past, and she had had the joy of listening as it passed through the various stages of preparation. It was his habit always to have an address ready long before it was needed, lest something untoward come up at the last moment, and also in order to give him time thoroughly to digest and correct it.

The forty-second anniversary of their marriage came on June second. He had to leave for Raleigh on the first, so Mrs. Mullins suggested that they celebrate very simply on the first. It was an important occasion to them each year, and Mrs. Mullins always put on her wedding gown for the event, even though the groom might not always be able to be in town on the day. Commencement engagements interfered much with the date, June second. They celebrated the day quietly with only their pastor, Dr. Hansford D. Johnson, and wife, Mr. Andrew Broaddus and his daughter, Mrs. Stone, as guests. Mr. Broaddus' wedding day had been the same, and they often celebrated together.

That evening Dr. Mullins took the train for Raleigh. He went through his engagement, speaking every day for a Preachers' School which had been prepared by the State Secretary, Dr. C. E. Maddry. On Sunday he broke a rule of many years' standing and spoke three times. Early Monday morning, when he started to arise, he found there was something wrong, and managed to

call Dr. Carver whose room was near. Dr. Carver was instantly alert, and doctors and nurses were soon at hand. The story of his illness at Raleigh is one of overwhelming kindness from Dr. Carver, who gathered up into his own tender, faithful nature the love of all the patient's dear ones, and expended it lavishly, until the patient was well out of danger and Dr. Carver himself must meet an engagement. Dr. Adams then took his place with unstinted devotion. Dr. Delia Dixon-Carroll, physician of the college where the School was held, poured out unfailing attention upon him, and brought other doctors into constant consultation; the nurses were unremitting, the North Carolina people, from far and near, brought him affectionate remembrance beyond capacity for telling. Dr. Maddry and Dr. Cullom never relaxed a moment in their efforts for his welfare. After the first few hours reassuring telegrams came to his home.

Within two weeks Dr. Dixon-Carroll took him to the picturesque country home which she and her husband, a dentist, occupied, and there in its perfect appointments and unbroken rest he made ready for his return home. This was on June 26. He came home alone and seemed quite himself, though he was to live under a rigid regime for six months, and the Baptist World Alliance was a thing positively forbidden! Not one word of rebellion, or even regret, did he utter. This must be so and he accepted it with quiet submission.

When the World Alliance meeting was held at the appointed time, Dr. George W. Truett, of Dallas, Texas, was asked to preside; also to read Dr. Mullins' address, and so thoroughly did Dr. Truett work and pray himself into the message of the Alliance President, that it was said on all sides it could not have been more effectively given. Only a great soul could have done what Dr.

Truett did in delivering that address. Again, as in the Southern Baptist Convention of the year before, it was said that Dr. Mullins' spirit pervaded the meeting as perhaps would not have been possible in his bodily presence.

P. J. LIBRARY
K. C. K.
BAPTIST SEMINARY

CHAPTER XXII

THE END—THE BEGINNING

The summer went on with quiet days for Dr. Mullins. His place of greatest repose, after he returned home, was in his beloved library. There he sat in his accustomed place among his books—filling every nook and corner, reaching almost to the ceiling on the broad wall spaces—a quiet dignity pervading the room, combined with a homey quality that rested him. This library had grown about him through the years and was a part of his very soul. To do it justice would require much space; a brief characterization must suffice. It showed first the ingathering of an eager, cosmopolitan mind. Here were encyclopedias, histories, dictionaries, concordances, textbooks, biographies, books of reference from many fields of learning. Here were the poets, books on art and architecture, choice things in literature of great variety. Here were theological tools of every sort, while books on the broader phases of theology and philosophy, ancient and modern, abounded. All the new output on these two topics was almost always instantly in his hand. And his library was not simply a collection of books, but it represented the acquirements of a native scholar, clear-visioned and ever growing. Here he sat and rested and read in those last summer days.

Miss Sallie Priest, twenty years in China, Dean of Women at Shanghai College, long a treasured friend, sat often with husband and wife there on these quiet days. She was Hospital Hostess at the Kentucky Baptist Hospital then, and Mrs. Mullins found great comfort in the assurance that a word at any moment, day

or night, would bring her with a nurse if necessary. Miss Priest was the last friend to spend an evening with them.

He also greatly enjoyed watching the Levering Gymnasium as the builders brought it into form and substance. Day after day he drove by to see each recurring period of progress, and he was finally permitted to see it almost ready for occupancy. Not only was there delight in watching a building go up which would mean so much to the well-being of students for years to come, but it warmed his heart to see that his devoted friend of many years, Mr. Joshua Levering, would have a fitting memorial upon the Seminary campus.

As daily he looked over the buildings and grounds of the Seminary, his mind dwelt upon the next immediate need. He and his wife had decided that the chapel was the building they wished to see go up next—the chapel with its lofty spire crowning with inspirational beauty and grace the whole group of buildings, and with its soft chimes already provided for by Mrs. Minnie Marvin Wheeler, in memory of Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Marvin, calling to worship in hymns of praise. The president's home they had decided must wait, and yet some day it must be built. The original intention had been to build upon the Seminary grounds, but the more they had tried to fit in a private home on the grounds with the school buildings, the more out of place and impossible it seemed to build it there. So, with the summer to think it over, Dr. Mullins decided to give a lot in Cherokee Gardens (just across the road from the Seminary and the most attractive subdivision in the city's environs) for the building of a suitable home for the Seminary president. The lot he selected was within two squares of the Seminary, but facing away from the scene of work and concentration, consisting of 160 feet front and 280 feet in depth. The last piece of business which Dr. Mullins transacted was the deed-

ing of this lot to the Seminary. He said he had never enjoyed anything more than that little transaction. He had felt the strain of attending to the duties of president from a point so far away as his home was located, and hoped the availability of this very desirable lot might speed up the building of a new home, in addition to the chapel.

Never in all his career did Dr. Mullins' high courage, perfect poise, uncomplaining acceptance of the things of life, perfect trust in God, undismayed expectation of good, show forth as they did in the last months of his life under invalidism. Not once did he even say, "Am I never to take up my work again,—never preach, never teach?"

This heart-breaking question was so often in his wife's mind that it seemed to her he must ask it. But he never did. He went quietly on under the Master's care. Physicians were constantly encouraging. They said so slight a thing had happened to him that he must fully recuperate. But it was not so to be.

Mrs. Mullins soon took up his correspondence at the Seminary. That is, they would go out in the car together, a chauffeur driving, she would get the morning's mail, take it home at the end of a drive, when Dr. Mullins would go over it with her quietly, and indicate his answers to letters. Next day she would dictate in his stead while he drove about, and then they would again bring home the day's mail. This was the routine, and it saved him from any nervous tax.

The last public service in which he took part was held at Broadway Baptist Church, when he met there a delegation from Roumania, sent here to express thanks to him for bringing to them that greatest boon on earth, religious liberty. During early July there were a number of prominent foreign Baptists who had attended the World Alliance meeting who came here to see the

Seminary and to greet Dr. Mullins. Most of them were entertained in his home; among them, several presidents of Baptist Theological Seminaries abroad.

At first he saw friends with pleasure; but, as the summer went on, he found that he must curtail all contacts as far as possible. So the two who were one, spent those last months almost unbrokenly together, with daily interests, and even, at times, the old merriment.

Finally on the evening of November 9, as he came up to his room to retire, he mentioned a severe headache which had come upon him. Mrs. Mullins, always on the alert, quietly called the doctor. He suggested what to do, but did not think it a serious indication. Next day the final stroke came, and under the care of his beloved physician of twenty years, surrounded constantly by the enveloping love of the faculty and their families, with three of his sisters at his bedside, the days passed in perfect consciousness with little suffering until there came a restful sleep which grew more and more profound until the eternal dawn. With the flight of his spirit an illuminating peace descended upon his wife which she hopes will abide until the eternal dawn comes for her.

After his last trip abroad Dr. and Mrs. Mullins were at a dinner party and Mrs. Mullins was lightly teased about his many absences. Whereupon Dr. Mullins spoke quickly, "My body travels a great deal, but my heart never does."

At high noon, on November 23, 1928, when his spirit passed on, he seemed to say to her with Paul, "Being taken from you for a short time in presence, not in heart."

Louisville poured out its last tribute to him through the press and in a great profusion of flowers; telegrams, resolutions and letters from all over the world which continued through the months that followed his going, showed the love and admiration that had been his as an international figure.

In the early morning of Sunday, November 25, there was a brief service at home as he rested in his library, his books about him and the house a floral bower. Then the body lay in state at Broadway Baptist Church for several hours after noon, with his students as Honor Guard, and the organ softly playing while thousands passed.

The funeral service later, with Dr. John R. Sampey presiding, consisted of four great addresses: Dr. A. T. Robertson spoke for the Seminary faculty, Dr. Z. T. Cody for the trustees, Dr. George W. Truett for the Southern Baptist Convention and Dr. John MacNeill for the World Alliance. Burial was in Cave Hill Cemetery, just as the sun was setting in a warm glow and a full moon rising in its silver beauty, on a clear wintry day.

The student body, 435 men, wanted in some way to memorialize their love for the honored teacher and Seminary President. It so happened that Dr. Mullins had walked upon the campus one day during the summer with Dr. G. S. Dobbins, and looking up at the belfry of Norton Hall, had remarked, "I would so like to see a clock and chime of bells up there. What a beautiful Memorial for someone it would make."

Dr. Dobbins mentioned this as the students cast about for a fitting memorial, and instantly the clock and chime became their one desire. But upon investigation they were found to be very costly. At once Misses Mattie and Lucie Norton, with the ever-present love of the Norton family for the Seminary, stepped into the breach and offered to meet any deficit.

The soft chime now rings out with arresting, musical notes for the hour, and then the reverent strokes follow in slow dignity, warning that a new hour is at hand for classes, for appointments of all sorts, while at the half hour there is only the soft chime calling attention to the thirty-minute flights. No more beautiful

or fitting memorial could have been conceived, as it typifies Dr. Mullins' orderly, harmonious, onward-going life.

At Cave Hill his monument is of Vermont granite, Grecian Doric in design, representing in classic lines a graceful temple entrance with two doric pillars, and upon its wall a bronze tablet with this inscription:

EDGAR YOUNG MULLINS

Born Franklin Co., Miss., Jan. 5, 1860.
Died Louisville, Ky., Nov. 23, 1928.
Pastor of Churches, 1885-1899.
President of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary 1899-1928.
President of the Southern Baptist Convention 1921-1924.
President Baptist World Alliance 1923-1928.

PREACHER, TEACHER, SCHOLAR, ADMINISTRATOR, CHRISTIAN STATESMAN, WORLD CITIZEN, SERVANT OF GOD

My sword I give to him who shall succeed me,
My courage and skill to him that can get it,
My marks and scars I carry with me
To be a witness for me that I have fought his battles
Who will now be my rewarder.

So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded on the other side.—*Bunyan.*

A brief summing up of Dr. Mullins' significance to the Baptists of the world is contained in the following article from *The Standard,* Chicago:

THE PASSING OF EDGAR YOUNG MULLINS

"In a democracy, leadership is a factor of the first importance, and no social situation demands higher qualifications. For more than twenty-five years, Edgar Young Mullins has been conspicuous among the leaders of a great and growing democracy. During the last few years of that period he won promotion to the position of preeminence among those leaders. This promotion came to him by the free and manifest consensus of the whole Baptist denomination. He and the denomination grew together. When he was called twenty-nine years ago from the pastorate at Newton Centre, Mass., to the presidency of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., the membership of Baptist churches throughout the world might be numbered at about 4,000,000, representing an additional adherent population of probably 12,000,000. At the close of his life he stood among the great leaders of a Baptist membership around the world of probably 12,000,000 with an additional adherent body probably numbering 35,000,000. While the growth of the denomination in wealth, prestige and culture kept pace with its numerical increase, he not only kept pace with it but outgrew it, for he stood more conspicuous in leadership at the close of the period than at the beginning.

"Such preeminence could come to no drifter. When Edgar Young Mullins came to the presidency of the Seminary, he confronted an established institution, one of the largest of its kind, with settled habits and traditions, with a definite school spirit and a tenacious theological type. He assumed a position of educational responsibility in which he had been preceded by such men as James P. Boyce and John A. Broadus. He had been trained in that school by those men and he was well acquainted with the

restrictions and exactions of the position. He was further well aware that those limitations were intensified by the vigilant suspicions of a reactionary faction and by the crude doctrinal conceptions prevalent among millions of the constituency of the denomination. His task was to disarm those suspicions and to leaven those millions with a more enlightened interpretation of the gospel. In the performance of that task he must disseminate unfamiliar truth in the face of a psychology which dreaded unfamiliar truth as a sinister assault upon the Christian faith; popularize a more or less alien ideology; subject the future ministers of the denomination to the discipline of a scientific criticism to which they came with an initial aversion; sacrifice nothing of either the substance, value, or mighty motives of the Christian religion; and in the midst of this tremendous task, hold the confidence of the denomination.

"His task was further intensified and embarrassed by an almost unparalleled theological ferment, both within the denomination and in Protestantism generally. Debates about modernism, fundamentalism, traditionalism, liberalism, literalism, infallibility, authority, evolution, criticism, millenarianism, and the far-reaching consequences of these subjects for church order and missionary policy, fairly stormed across the world during the latter half of his presidency of the Seminary. Factions of extremists denounced one another as heretics, deliberately broke from each other's fellowship, and resorted to the political manipulation of denominational organizations to secure control of boards, funds, schools and pulpits. Through all this tempest, Doctor Mullins never lost his poise, never made a serious false step, never lost his hold on the confidence of his constituency and never made a damaging compromise with any faction. The storm is now well spent; as its last reverberations died away he emerged from its shadow, with

the spiritual structure built by him in the denominational life un damaged, with the people's confidence in his leadership unshaken and with the largest student body in the history of the Seminary.

"When Dr. John Clifford, the great British Baptist leader died, the succession in world leadership passed naturally to President Mullins. He rose to its demands as he had risen to every other call to higher service. He dignified and vitalized the presidency of the Baptist World Alliance to which he had been elected. He was understood to be the principal author of the manifesto in which the Alliance set forth to the world in 1923 a syllabus of Baptist principles; and, so far as we know, no body of Baptists has since expressed any dissent from the spirit and contents of that manifesto. It is accepted everywhere as a true and adequate interpretation of Baptist fellowship, both historical and current. During his term of office he intervened influentially in behalf of persecuted Baptist minorities in certain European countries, and gave to the people of those countries a new appreciation of the meaning of religious liberty.

"Great among the great, he was also simple among the lowly. He was welcomed equally in educational assemblies, in associations of business men, in the courts of princes and in little country churches. He acquired the discipline and spirit of modern scholarship, but never lost the simplicity of his early faith. His influence will abide, an inspiring and constructive factor in the lives of men, and millions will cherish and bless his memory."

"Thy day has come, not gone,
Thy sun has risen, not set.
Thy life is now beyond
The touch of pain or death,
Not ended, but begun.
Oh, noble soul, oh, gentle heart,
Hail and farewell."

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